

OVERSEAS

Institute for
Advanced Study
School of Historical
Studies
Princeton, New Jersey

FACULTY
POSITION

Applications or nominations are invited for a professorship in the School of Historical Studies. The School is looking for an outstanding scholar in the field of medieval studies, and only senior scholars of established international reputation will be considered. The responsibilities of the professor will be to carry out scholarly work and to select both permanent colleagues and visiting members in the School of Historical Studies. Salary is competitive with the highest ranges at comparable institutions.

Send, no later than November 1, 1983, a written letter of application or nomination, bibliography, curriculum vitae, and any further credentials to Dr. Henry Woolf, Director, Institute for Advanced Study, Olden Lane, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. All communications will be held as strictly confidential. The Institute is an equal opportunity/affirmative action employer.

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DIRECTOR
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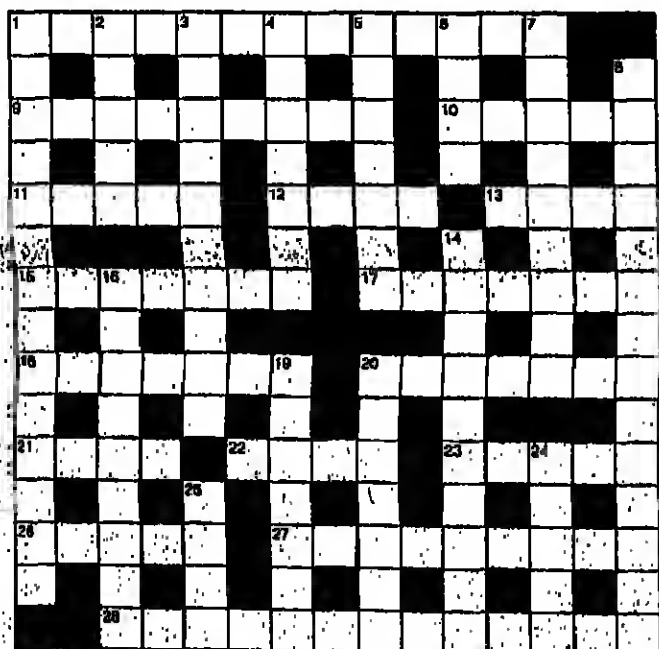
Qualifications:
You will organise, administer and ensure the smooth running of the Association, including Festivals of the Arts, and activities which promote the growth of creative talent in the community of Durban.
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Organising ability
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Salary negotiable and commensurate with background, qualifications and experience.
Reply by 20 September 1983 to:
Secretary, Durban Arts Association,
P.O. Box 1014, Durban, S.A. 4000.

NEW BOOKS

© TUCKER: Goodly Heritage
(a history of Jane Austen's
family). 264 pp. Mimeo. Pubs.
Inc., Washington, North-
umbria. £1.50

TLS Crossword No 12

A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct solution opened on September 16. Answers should be addressed to TLS Crossword, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. Of four solutions received to Crossword No 11, the only correct one was submitted by Marcio Newbolt, Green Banks, Cley-next-the-Sea, Norfolk.



ACROSS

- 1 School for Scandal with a one-eyed Head. (9,4)
- 2 Constable's 'The Great Horse' (10,1)
- 10 She turned into a fountain and cried. (5)
- 11 Brief time to enchant. (5)
- 12 Carillon, 'Two - not' Treasure Island. (4)
- 13 Salwyn's 'Japan's' idea of Paradise; bread, wine, verse and no this! (4)
- 15 As one turned into stone, weeping pitifully. (7)
- 17 Horatio's description as in Book of the Dead. (7)
- 18 Stephen, a patriot regardless.
- 20 Mrs Petherwin handed in book by Hardy. (10)
- 21 Doubly descriptive of Koble.
- 22 Monkey attendant upon Quixote's Wine. (7)
- 23 'Rendy' Lover said so. (4)
- 24 Somewhat slow movement of god to confined space. (9)
- 25 Noxious drugs and erring peddlars. (14)
- 26 Mario's right royal venue for victor. (10)
- 27 Opportunities for Hamlet's Informers. (9)
- 28 Ed. 117 Note the descendants.
- 29 Prosper by joining club and doing almost complete tally.

DOWN

- 1 Skimmer on the George and the Dragon. (3,3)
- 2 Championship held by Tenor, 50m, for example. (5)
- 3 A Christian seraphim, said Joseph. (5)
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HISTORY

ORLANDO PATTERSON

Slavery and Social Death: A Comparative Study
 544pp. Harvard University Press. £24.
 0674 81082 1

Ask a Bristolian about his city's associations with slavery, and his mind turns, quite readily, to the eighteenth century and to black slavery. It will be an unusual person who knows that Bristol had a longer history as a centre for collecting, selling and exporting English slaves to Ireland. At the time of the Domesday Book slaves formed 24 per cent of the population of Gloucestershire and 21 per cent of Cornwall. The modern Bristolian is more likely to have heard of Thomas Clarkson's attempts in 1787 to collect evidence in the city's taverns about the ill-treatment of people on the transatlantic slave ships, than of Bishop Wolstan coming from Worcester in 1090 to preach, Sunday after Sunday, against the earlier trade. Our images of slavery today are those of the Deep South of the United States in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, although that particular variety was in many respects highly unrepresentative.

The greatest name in the comparative history of slavery is that of H. J. Nieboer, the Dutch author of *Slavery as an Industrial System* (1910), which discussed the economic conditions associated with the presence of slavery as a mode of organizing labour. The scholar who, seventy years later, seeks to follow Nieboer and write a comparative analysis of how slavery was operated as a social institution, faces a task that demands single-minded determination over many years, substantial financial support and the help of many specialists. Orlando Patterson, Professor of Sociology at Harvard, gave six years to intensive archival work in what was once his special field, that of the British Caribbean slave societies. He has since devoted twice as many to comparative study, organizing and editing upon the evidence from classical antiquity, medieval Europe, Africa and the Orient. For example, large-scale slavery flourished in Korea for a thousand years up to the nineteenth century. For several centuries slaves formed a higher proportion of the population of Korea than in the Deep South prior to the

Civil War. As he says, there is probably no group of people whose ancestors were not at one time slaves or slaveholders.

If the range and diversity of material is the first problem confronting the comparative scholar, the second must be the difficulty of defining just what is the object of study. Can slavery be distinguished from other forms of servile labour in a manner that is valid for different societies in different historical circumstances? Are debt-bondage and penal servitude to be counted in or out? Does it make any difference if the slave is of another race? Nieboer found slavery when one man was the property of another beyond the limits of the family, but Patterson believes that such a definition reflects a tendency to read nineteenth and twentieth-century preconceptions back into eras which saw social relations differently. He starts not from property but power, borrowing from Marx to argue that there have been two idioms of power: personalistic and materialistic. In the personally simpler societies the dependence of one person upon others is taken for granted and is a form of security. An Ashanti proverb warns "If you have not a master, a beast will catch you". A slave was powerless not because he depended upon someone else but because he had to depend exclusively upon one person and could not change. In societies in which the personalistic idiom of power prevailed, the most unslavish person was the one against whom a small number of claims, powers, and privileges could be brought by a large number of persons. At this end of the personalistic-master-laborer continuum relations between people determine men's rights over things.

When the technological basis of society becomes more complex, so commodities become more important in social relations; increasingly men's rights over things come to determine their relations with people. The materialistic idiom of power is one in which power relations are concealed because people are led to see power in terms of power-over-commodities, in isolation from the social relations which produced them. It is this which large-scale slavery flourished in Korea for a thousand years up to the nineteenth century. For several centuries slaves formed a higher proportion of the population of Korea than in the Deep South prior to the

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Of inhuman bondage

Michael Banton

galley slavery, the Bagnes, penal slavery and modern Russian slavery.

Patterson seeks a definition of slavery which is independent of these idioms and which provides a basis for considering the relations between the slave and the society into which he has, somehow, to be incorporated. What he offers is this: slavery is the permanent, violent domination of naturally alienated and generally dishonoured persons. The notions of racial alienation and dishonour inspire two of the book's most rewarding chapters. Any conception of slavery rooted in the relationship of owner and property suggests that a motivation underlying enslavement is the desire to gain, to be attained by exploiting the slave's labour power; but Patterson concludes that to a great many slave-holding societies masters were not interested in what their slaves produced. Indeed, in many such societies - especially those of the Islamic world - slaves produced nothing and were economically dependent on their masters or their master's non-slave dependents. Many masters acquired and maintained slaves just to enhance their own honour because in their societies power was conceived in the personalistic idiom.

In capitalistic societies, such as that of the Deep South, slave-holding might still be motivated by a desire for honour but it had to operate within a profit-conscious framework. As Nieboer showed, the enslavement of slaves is economically rational when natural resources are abundant but labour scarce. Since men will work harder for themselves than for another, there comes a point when, as natural resources are put to human use and the supply of labour increases, slavery is no longer economically rational. Slavery may, as in parts of the Caribbean, be abolished before this point is reached, because it is ideologically unacceptable in a system that posits a free labour force.

In pre-capitalist societies the slave's powerlessness was originated, or was substituted, having originated, as a substitute for death, usually violent death. The master was a kind of ransomer: whether he entered slavery by capture in warfare, or by some other method, the slave was defined as socially dead. Natal alienation meant that he ceased to belong in his own right to any legitimate social order and could pass on nothing to his descendants. He was kept in this

condition by his master's control over what Patterson calls "symbolic instruments", which made the master the only mediator between the living community to which he belonged and the living death which his slave experienced.

Rituals of enslavement included one or more of four basic features: first, the symbolic rejection by the slave of his past and former kinsmen; second, a change of name; third, the imposition of some visible mark of servitude; and last, the assumption of a new status in the household or economic organization of the master. The slave lived in a liminal state of institutionalized marginality, but this could be represented in either of two ways, probably reflecting the circumstances in which the institution originated. The intrusive mode of representing social death pictured the slave as the domestic enemy, the alien from another culture intruding in a sacred place. The extrusive mode pictured the slave as an insider who had alienated and had therefore been expelled from normal participation in the community; he had become an internal enemy to the values on which the society was based.

Whichever way slavery was symbolized, the slave was considered a degraded person and the honour of the master was enhanced by the subjection of the slave. Hegel saw the master's domination of the slave as a paradigm of inequality, maintaining that at the point at which the master achieved lordship he found that he had become dependent upon the slave whose subordination made him a master. Patterson has learned from Hegel, and returns time and again to the consideration of the kinds of inequality implied in slavery and to the ways in which it is managed, but he finds it misleading to discuss the master-slave relationship in isolation as Hegel did. In real slave societies masters obtained honour and deference not so much from the slaves as from the substantial class of non-slaveholding free persons, many of whom hoped one day to own slaves. It was in certain capitalistic societies of the Caribbean and Dutch East Indies from which this class was absent that slavery led to such abuses and that it became degrading to both slaves and masters.

Enslavement made possible the most sickening brutality; it debased individuals but it was never able over a period of time to extinguish the

humanity of the people who were associated by it. To comprehend this it is necessary to see slavery as a process, examining the ways in which people became slaves, were held in slavery (including their use to fill certain special offices) and were manumitted. Slavery was possible as an institution, according to Patterson, only because some possibility of manumission, however slight, was always present and helped maintain the unequal relationship. Well over half of the text of *Slavery and Social Death* is devoted to a careful analysis of these institutional features and it shows that on several points received opinions require revision. For example, no slave society took the position that the slave, being a thing, could not be held responsible for his actions. The trouble, says Patterson, is that most students of slavery have been as knowledgeable about jurisprudence as they have been ignorant of law. Particularly interesting, too, is his review of the position of elite slaves, including the *Ponilla Censuris* and the political eunuchs of Byzantium and China, who were liminal beings able to mediate between the realms of the sacred and profane, and, being natively alienated, unable themselves to form a kinship group which could contend with that which held power.

Manumission was not, in pre-capitalistic societies, the simple act that the modern student might expect. In Roman law a master could release a slave from his domination but this was not a transaction in the ordinary sense. W. W. Buckland wrote "What passes to the man is not what belonged to the master, his liberty and civitas are not subtracted from those of the dominus" hence "what is released is something other than what is acquired." Patterson illuminates this problem powerfully by drawing upon anthropological discussions of gift exchange. The master gave the slave social life, which was interpreted as a repayment for faithful service, but in most cultures the master's gift was treated as being of greater value. Since the slave belonged to the master, nothing he could do as a slave could equal the gift he was to receive. Instead of eliminating the master-slave relationship, manumission turned it into a new kind of dependency relationship that sometimes lasted for more than three generations. To despatch an inadequate definition or concept it is necessary not

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only to reveal the shortcomings of the existing definition but to produce a new one which is better than that which it aims to displace. Patterson has done this and given us a book that matches and carries forward Nieboer's achievement. One could wish however, that he had considered the solution to the definitions problem suggested by the authors of the articles on slavery and serfdom in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. They maintain that the social condition of subjection is likely to have occurred before any justification of it was attempted, or before any rituals of enslavement were elaborated. The defining feature of what we call slavery is therefore not the condition itself but the institutionalization of that condition. Patterson's definition might be revised to state that slavery is the social sanctioning of the permanent alienated and generally dishonoured persons. This would reflect even better Patterson's stress upon slavery as a process as well as a state, and it allows for differences in the kind of sanctioning between societies employing personalistic and materialistic idioms of power.

Slavery and Social Death can be commended both for its treatment of its own subject-matter and for its suggestiveness of new problems. To take just one example, if, at manumission, a dependency relationship was created such that "a master class never lost, but invariably gained, by the change in status", this may help to explain the creation of new forms of servile labour like villeinage. One of the difficulties with any definition of slavery has always been the problem of finding a satisfactory line of demarcation between it and these other forms of dependency. Only specialists will be able to answer this, but it could be an interesting topic and it might turn back and create difficulties for Patterson's own thesis. Specialists, too, will find errors in the use of some of the evidence. My colleague Thomas Wiedemann, author of *Greek and Roman Slavery*, has noted some in his particular field while still concluding that Patterson's analytical model allows him to grasp the nature of slavery in the ancient Mediterranean world more securely than many professional classicists.

It would be quite wrong, though, to

imply that the only direction in which the book points is towards more detailed historical analyses, useful though they may be. Perhaps its most impressive single feature is its demonstration of the power of symbolic analysis for explaining the forms of slavery in precapitalist societies. Is the symbolic dimension equally important to the management of inequality in the modern industrial world? Today we conceptualize inequality in terms of access to and control over commodities and that is one reason why we more easily remember and feel guilty about black slavery, but is the materialistic idiom really a method of concealment in the nature of social life which are not comprehended by the currently fashionable theories of capitalist society as explicable in terms of a radically distinctive set of productive relations? Because it deals with fundamental issues both of past human life and of our attempts to understand it, *Slavery and Social Death* throws a questioning ray upon the present as well.



A print of 1809 showing George Alexander Gratton, the "beautiful young negro boy", who was born in the West Indies in 1808 and brought to England at the age of fifteen months. After a brief career as an exhibit in the freak show run by John Richardson, he died just under three years later, reproduced from Black Personages in the Era of the Slave Trade by Paul Edwards and James Walvin, published by Macmillan (253pp, £25, 0 333 243617).

The idea of order at Quincy

Larzer Ziff

PAUL C. NAGEL

Descent from Glory: Four Generations of the John Adams Family
400pp, Oxford University Press.
£19.50
0 19 503172 5

Henry Adams talked to people who were to witness the Second World War. He also spoke with people who had witnessed the American Revolution. He had these conversations because he lived to the age of eighty years, an unusual feat that was, nevertheless, sufficient to permit him to touch either end of the history of the United States. In America, as Thoreau noted, "no do not regulate our historical times by the English standard"; the nation's antiquity is no less so for the ease with which one lifetime reaches back to it. The speed of change has made Revolutionary America as remote to Superpower America as Ancient Greece was to Elizabethan England. Indeed, Adams, the quintessential American historian, finally gave up describing historical events in order to try and chart the rate of acceleration of change itself.

From the republic's first days observers attributed the American's peculiar obsession with identity not so much to the fact that his history was recent as to his society's being too remote to permit history to happen. The first American classic of short fiction, "Rip Van Winkle", is the story of changes within one life-time so radical that they obliterate social continuity. And folk-wisdom holds that the profile of the American family is completed in three generations. The grandfather from an anonymous background earns wealth and modest local distinction through hard work applied to abundant resources; the father gains an education, enters a profession, increases the wealth, and earns a wider reputation; the son, inheriting wealth and name, returns the family to anonymity.

The history of the Adams family is, therefore, a legendary one because it was for so long immune to the national circumstances of mutability, and yet its members earned great distinction in four successive generations through characteristic achievement. John Adams (1735-1826) was the second president of the United States; his rise coincident with that of the independent nation; his son, John Quincy (1767-1848), was the sixth president of the United States; John Quincy's son, Charles Francis (1807-1886), like father and grandfather served as American ambassador to the Court of St James's and was an influential figure in American politics; his Charles's son, Henry (1828-1918), was perhaps the greatest of America's historians and in his autobiography wrote a masterpiece.

Descent from Glory is a history of the four remarkable generations of this

outstanding family, and it takes its rise, of course, from the phenomenon of the family's long-lived distinction. But the story Paul C. Nagel wishes to tell is essentially that of the ruin of the many Adamses whose lives surrounded the rise to prominence of the single family. When he entered his eighties, John Adams had twenty dependants living under his roof in Quincy. They were the survivors of his undistinguished children whose bad marriages, alcoholism, chronic melancholia, and phobias about bearing the Adams name disabled them not just from winning glory but even from meeting the problems of daily life. John Quincy, the second of John's five children, was a towering success; he was also the only effective child by every-day standards.

Again, Charles Francis was not only the one of John Quincy's three adult children to achieve prominence, he was also the only one of them who managed common matters passably. At the age of twenty-eight his oldest brother George committed suicide, and his other brother, John, withdrew into depression, alcoholism, and sullen torpor, failing throughout his life to extricate his individuality from the family name even as he repeatedly announced that life for him would be unbearable until he took that step.

"The history of my family is not a pleasant one to remember," Charles Francis wrote. "It is one of great triumphs in the world but of deep groans within, one of extraordinary brilliance and deep corroding mortification." Although each of the triumphant Adamses, as Nagel reveals, had his large share of groans, the family history he unfolds brings to the fore the many whose lot appears to have been mortification only.

In such a history, Charles Francis, the least "great" of the great Adamses - emerges as the key figure. When John died, his estate was valued at \$44,709.47. Already possessed of a patrician vision, his son, John Quincy, took the land, thereby establishing the family holdings in Quincy (now the Adams National Historic Site) as a seat of prominence with the family name. To do so, however, he bought off the many other heirs with borrowed money and interest-bearing notes, and then added to these heavy debts by further purchases of property. As a result, his son, Charles Francis, inherited a sense of his family as a grand institution, along with the large liabilities which were the price of maintaining his grandeur - debts so wearing that his mother referred to his father as "a perpetual sponge" forever being squeezed by other Adams heirs.

Kindred by the wretched business sense of his siblings, Charles Francis nevertheless cleared the debts and doubled the value of his inheritance, thereby providing the family with an aristocratic edifice with a material base.

Charles Francis managed the ruin of Adams as a national institution in less tangible ways. He was an incessant harvester of the family's present - harvesting truths and seeds from the past - seeing them as essential to the

authority all Adamses claimed. Preeminently, he was the Adams who consolidated the view that the family history was national history, and to do so he represented his grandfather and father as a statesman whose interests lay with America's welfare. He sought to continue this embodiment of the national welfare in himself, and he saw the process as more moral than political. If more than a grain of pride is required to co-opt oneself with the nation, more than a grain of courage is required also. The national interest, as the Adamses saw it, frequently diverged from the particular interests of Boston's leading citizens, capitalists who, for example, were anxious to accommodate the slave-owners whose plantations furnished their mills with cotton. Charles Francis's stand against slavery closed most doors in Boston to him but made for a bleak social existence. But the quiet confidence and affability he developed in the face of this proved a valuable preparation for his mission as Lincoln's ambassador when he had to daily to parry a British cabinet's eager to recognize the Confederacy so as to ensure cotton for the Lancashire mills. Quincy as the family seat was not merely an imitation of an aristocratic pattern; it also enabled the Adamses to be independent of the city financiers. They seized the opportunity it offered them to sound the moral note.

Central to their resulting political creed was the belief that in a republic as in an oligarchy, public-spirited citizens should stand ready for the call to serve, but should not solicit it. Large as their ambitions were, the Adamses schooled themselves to contain them behind a public attitude of disdain for the active pursuit of office. Restraint marked the family utterance. John Adams provided a sterling example of the kind of locution to be found spread throughout the family record when he responded to the news of John Quincy's election to the presidency by telling him, "This is not an event to excite vanity".

Rather than electioneering, the Adamses announced their qualifications for public duties through their writings. Each generation wrote books, pamphlets, and essays on matters of political moment, and in opposition to his in power. Each generation provided a picture of a distinguished father, seated in his library working on a manuscript with the aid of his son - secretary, researcher, editor - who will, in turn, become a distinguished writer.

The schooling which prepared the sons for such appointments was provided mainly by the practice of diary-keeping, solemnly required of all children. Seventeenth-century Puritan ancestors had written in their journals daily in order to record the signs of God's disposition towards them; keeping a constant track of the progress of their souls on the road to election. The diary was a ledger of the psyche in which balance was to be struck between spiritual debts and credits. Although the Adamses, with New England, drifted from Calvinism to Unitarianism and many made

excursions into Anglicanism), they retained the diary habit through the generations. Family letters are replete with injunctions to children about the need to record their inner disposition, and a child's failure to do his daily chore of writing was reproached as a sign of dreadful things to come. Whatever institutional form an Adams's religion took, it retained the sense of the inevitable presence of sin and the imperceptible drift into it if one did not keep constant watch in a diary. For an Adams, the chaos threatening from without was not easily to be distinguished from a failure to achieve renewal. Order in the world was defined by the self.

So powerful was this family tradition that in the fourth generation the avowedly secular Henry sought to reconcile the forces of the natural and supernatural worlds by offering his own mind as the unit of value common to both. Earlier Adamses, however, had offered their minds as a national unit of value and regarded the call to public office as a recognition of that fact. Henry was the first generation of Adamses not to receive such recognition from their society, and was, therefore, the last celebrated generation of Adamses.

The changes in American reality which caused the national mind to diverge from the Adams mind are investigated in *The Education of Henry Adams*, a brilliant historical explanation of, among other things, the family's decline from power. There was a private explanation also, as Henry knew. His father had recognized that the one Adams of each generation to survive must have been the child who suffered the least separation from parents. John Quincy had diplomatic missions. John Quincy accompanied John while his brothers were left with aunts in America. Similarly, Charles Francis had been the one to accompany John Quincy, and as he pondered the destruction of uncles and brothers he resolved to see that each of his sons had an equally fair field for development. He succeeded. Although Henry stands forth as the most eminent member of his generation, his brothers, Charles Francis II and Brooks, also had distinguished careers. So, Henry privately reflected, greatness was at an end because it had in his generation been diffused among three rather than concentrated in one; like a brazen river the Adams family had lost the force of the original current.

This diffusion in the fourth generation poses a problem of organization for the historian of the Adams family. The first two-thirds of his book advances steadily, focused on the leading Adams of the day. But the final chapters, in reflection of their material, spread laterally to consider the three sons of Charles Francis, and the narrative dwindles to an end rather than arriving at a conclusion. The key to such a concluding seems to lie in the gathering strength of the John Charles Francis and his sons developed - probably as a matter of temperament rather than intellect - namely that the Adams America had been, after all, but an interlude between feudal

despotism and modern anarchism. It is a bitter-sweet feature of the family history that the first member to venture abroad did so as the diplomatic representative of sturdy republicanism to a decaying world, but that six years passed, Adamses down to Henry's generation were to cross the Atlantic almost annually in an obsessive attempt to ease the pain of America's vulgarism among the monuments as manners of a nicer world.

Nagel also has mixed success in dealing with the almost impenetrable problem of the role of women in family history. In keeping with the values of the times in which they lived, the great Adamses were males. John's wife Abigail providing a very limited exception because of her remarkable powers as a letter writer. But, of course, within the family the women had an importance at least equal to the men's. How to weave this into the family history? Nagel attempts to treat the lives of daughters as well as sons, but when their careers arrive at marriage they fade; as soon, that is, they gain another legal name, they lose their historical identity. This is quite understandable; but is family history a question larger than *Descent from Glory*, and Nagel can hardly be faulted for dealing with it conventionally.

Accordingly, the women who do receive the fullest treatment are those who married Adamses rather than those who were born Adams. Nagel provocatively re-orders the presentation by giving greater attention to the presence of Louisa Catherine Johnson, John Quincy's wife, than to Abigail, traditionally regarded as the Roman matron who provided the family's definitive female prototype. Louisa's essential detachment from the Puritanism of the Adamses and from the essential field of perception of descendants' field of perception of ancestors as it also qualified their will to compete at all costs. Henry's aesthetic taste, as it also qualified their will to compete, seems to have been a tragedy to be acted, seem to have come from this grandmother.

Nagel writes of the Adamses' well-known remark: "This public attention by one family is awesome, but is fully appreciated. It needs to be placed beside the distressing reality of Adamses' private difficulties."

Accordingly, he supplies a distressful story, and there is a distressful story. The discrepancy may come from the failure of his language always to match his intentions. She writes, "Happily, as if she were by choice a porter on difficult assignments; she took to the dark and shadowy areas of mortal loneliness, melancholy, and madness which lie behind daily life, and takes expert notes there, and then sends back faithful reports in terms we can all recognize." Too often, though, the language is depressing in ways which she cannot intend.

"Addy" is a full example of this, about a divorcee who goes out to dinner with her old dog - or her daughter's old dog - which she has inherited as a dog. Addy, the dog, is beautifully explicit dumb presence she had been too simple. She had seemed not to be a dog, but a better job of it than fiction has made a better job of it than

A marriage of two minds

Adam Mars-Jones

SALMAN RUSHDIE
Shame
287pp, Cape, £7.95.
0 224 02942 5

Salman Rushdie's new novel is set in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, but since he is using the Hegrian calendar these dates correspond to a recent historical period. The book starts and ends with suitable remoteness in the border town of Q, protected to the south and west by the Impossible Mountains, but much of its action takes place in Karachi. Its nominal hero is Omar Khayyam Shakil, a man with three mothers and no identified father, but his plot is generated largely by the feud between Iskander Harappa and General Raza Hyder, figures freely modelled on Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Zia-ul-Haq.

These nerves towards and away from typically are characteristic of a book which combines free fantasy with hints of a political perspective. The voice of Chapter One, which introduces the hero, is jocular, rhetorical and discursive, the voice of a storyteller working within the conventions of his culture. This naming persona finds some of its material compromising:

With some embarrassment on their behalf, and purely to show that the present author, who has already been obliged to leave many questions in a state of unanswered ambiguity, is capable of giving clear replies when absolutely necessary, I reveal that Hashmat Bibi had delivered a last sealed envelope to the door of the town's least savvy establishment, wherein the Quranic strictures against courtly courtly soiling, whose shelves and storage chests groaned under the weight of the accumulated debris of innumerable decayed histories... damn and blast it. To be frank - she went to the pawnshop.

The voice which begins Chapter Two, and recurs intermittently throughout the book, is much less squeamish. This voice has a Western education, a residence in London and a family like Karachi; it refers explicitly to Zia and to Bhutto, to the anguish of

being an immigrant and to the problems of writing.

The tension between these two voices leads to some unexpected consequences. As the book goes on with its superbly comic and exaggerated narrative, the voice from the beginning of Chapter Two must try harder and harder, during its appearances, to convince the reader of the truth of its testimony. At one point Rushdie describes a projected modern-dress production of *Julius Caesar* at a university in Pakistan; the assassination of a head of state was considered such an explosive subject that the production was threatened with censorship or worse, until the producer had the brainwave of casting a British diplomat, to be dressed in full imperial regalia, in the name part. "I insist," writes Rushdie, "I have not made this up." But an anecdote like this, appearing after 200 pages of wild invention, has been deprived of the context in which it might make its point. In passages like this Rushdie seems to want the reader to react to a book he hasn't written, as well as the one he has.

Fantastical comedy sweeps all before it in the book as written. Violence is transformed into flippant statistics; the "tribals" at one stage rape each member of an engineering team "eighteen point six six times on average (of which thirteen point nine seven assaults were from the rear and only four point six nine in the mouth) before slitting one hundred per cent of the expert gulleys." Emotions are consistently heightened and exaggerated, so that for instance sexual frustration is equated with physical extremity; when one man is taken to be tortured, after years spent guarding the fascinating but virginal Agha, who is well aware of her power over him, he says only "So, what's new?"

Even when the feud between the major characters reaches its climax, the comic exaggeration continues. Harappa curses Hyder for an hour and a half without interruption; the guards can see blue smoke emerging from the walls of the room where he is being kept; the walls of the room were splattered from top to bottom with beet-juice, the curtains were ruined, it looked as if a herd of animals had been slaughtered in there, as if torques or goats had been struggling wildly in their death-throes, rushing around the room with the

blood spewing from the red smiles on their throats.

In a book where words are given these miraculous powers, actions are correspondingly neutralized. There is a real risk, too, as with Barbet Schroeder's film about Idi Amin, that making a dictator into a comic figure will center an aim sort of innuendo.

History and fiction may be, as Rushdie suggests, "parallel universes", but it is clear which set of rules is operative in *Shame*. The Chapter Two voice, with its explicit analyses and indictments, is an anomaly in this universe. "Repression," it announces, "is a seamless garment; a society which is authoritarian in its social and sexual codes, which crushes its women beneath the intolerable burdens of honour and propriety, breeds repressions of other kinds as well." The storyteller, however, feels no obligation to discard the garments of his culture, and happily describes one character as a queen who has "lost the ability possessed by every beggar-woman, that is, the power of bearing sons."

There is real confusion in the book about whether its marshall is local or universal. The book's heroine, Sufiya Zenebia, blushes for the world; she expresses, in a physical and eventually in a demonic form, the shame that people should feel for what they do. But the list of causes for shame - lies, less living, disrespect for one's elders, failure to love one's national flag, incorrect voting at elections, over-eating, extramarital sex, autobiographical novels, cheating at cards, maltreatment of womenfolk, examination failures, smuggling, throwing one's wick away at the crucial point of a test match? Is a comic cocktail of misdeeds and misadventures. *Shame* aspires to a moral perspective, but refuses nevertheless to discriminate between, say, the shame of casually suggesting an assassination, and the shame that the women in the book are brought up to feel at sleeping with their husbands. The various shames are homogenized by the book; its moral pronouncements are studiously vague. "Between shame and shamelessness," we read, "lies the axis upon which we turn; meteorological conditions at both these poles are of the most extreme, ferocious type. Shamelessness, shame: the roots of violence." The book's characters tend

to come to bad ends (impaled in a dumb-waiter by multiple spring-loaded stilettes, decapitated by a foral woman), whatever the magnitude of their crimes and collaborations.

At the beginning of Chapter Seven, an analytical, autobiographical passage describes an incident which contributed to the creation of the character Sufiya Zenebia: "In the East End of London, a Pakistani father murdered his only child, a daughter, because by making love to a white boy she had brought such dishonour upon her family that only her blood could wash away the stain." Rushdie felt two levels of shock when he heard this story; first at the act itself, and then at the fact that he could understand it. "We who have grown up on a diet of honour and shame can still grasp what must seem unthinkable to peoples living in the aftermath of the death of the crime of rape; that men will sacrifice their dearest love on the implacable altars of their pride."

Nevertheless, this incident owes its particular intensity to its setting; the artificiality of the system of honour behind the crime is dramatized by its incongruous London location. By transferring the violence of this story back to Pakistan Rushdie retreats from conflict.

Perhaps after *Shame* he will move on to more personally problematic subject-matter. "I tell myself," he writes, "this will be a novel of levitating, my last words on the East from which, many years ago, I began to come loose. I do not always believe myself when I say this. It is a part of the

world to which whether I like it or not, I am still joined, if only by elastic bands." This passage is charmingly characteristic of a book with a strong desire to make direct statements, and a strong desire to remain uncommitted.

It may after all be "the true desire of every artist to impose his or her vision on the world", but there are other definitions, not all of them so dictatorial. It is only the divided nature of *Shame* that drives a wedge between Rushdie the witness and Rushdie the fantasist, estranging the resident from the outsider.

Every exile is also an escape, as some passages in *Shame* admit; the immigrant is envied as well as pitied. He may feel utterly displaced, but at least he is spared the fatal vagueness of the lifelong resident, who doesn't know where he ends and the world begins. Salman Rushdie has gained in the translation, just as he claims; but as yet he seems unwilling to use his full resources.

What is surprising, given that *Shame* attempts the unlikely task of crossing a chapeau with a soufflé, is how often it comes off; the blend of political testimony and tall tale scores a number of successes. But *Shame* yokes two conflicting genres, with strongly opposed attitudes to history and responsibility, and it is only thanks to Salman Rushdie's skills as a storyteller that the result doesn't seem like a shotgun wedding. A better comparison would be with an arranged marriage of the modern type, where the partners at least get to meet each other before the ritual of binding.

How the mighty fall

J. K. L. Walker

A. N. WILSON

Scandal: or Priscilla's Kindness
233pp, Hamish Hamilton, £8.95.
0 241 11011 3

England still expects, in the face of much discouragement, that its leaders conduct their sexual lives in an orderly fashion. Variant behaviour may occur, but, unlike justice, must not be seen to be done. If, however, it does become visible, then the demands of ethics become tempered by those of entertainment, and of the most robust kind. Westminster's loss is Fleet Street's gain. In *Scandal* A. N. Wilson turns a coolly contemptuous eye on these aspects of public life, unfolding a complicated plot of political ambition, sexual eccentricity, betrayal and treason through the eyes of three principal characters: Derek Blore, a politician, Bernadette Woolley, a prostitute, and Hughie Duncan, a publisher in love with Blore's wife Priscilla.

Blore is an ambitious clown whose vulgarities - mangling his vowels, serving his dinner guests Sainsbury's Rioja, sneaking off to Hackney for his weekly correction from Bernadette - Wilson presents with relish. In his favour, clumsy doggedness works in his favour, bringing him a young, beautiful and well-connected wife and eventually a seat in the Cabinet. From this latter pinnacle he is all set to be cast down as the chain of command behind Bernadette, culminating in "the Professor", chain-smoking Capstan in the Russian Embassy, moves in with photographs of the Hackney manoeuvres. Priscilla, whose adult life has been devoted to "being kind to Mr Blore", remains loyal, thus exhibiting her breeding. This is confirmed by her inclination to give cab-drivers five pound notes for driving her to the mile-and-a-half from South Eaton Place to Bond Street by keeping her intoko of lower well below the allowance credited her by her friends and, less happily, by the agreeableness of her post-coital conversation with the journalist Featheres which dishes her husband's career.

In counterpoint with this classically disapprovable world Wilson offers us the pathetic history of Bernadette, a dip-bitter from Bognor whose newswoman's card shyly announcing "Bernadette" soon attracts the attention of Mr Castiglione, who directs her towards the cameraderie of a Shepherd Market brothel. Burdened by her failure to keep up her National Insurance contributions, she plays her part in the satire and sends away lingering doubts as to whether Mr Wilson's cleverness has not become an end in itself.

The melodramatic events that make up the narrative are only too evidently at odds with Hughie's vision, and he plays no part in their resolution. Priscilla's "kindness" towards her wretched husband does not waver as the scandal breaks and washes him away. Hughie suffers a romantic's torments when he learns that Featheres, the seedy journalist responsible for the exposure, was for the common-sensical, it was for those who took short views, or no views at all; it was for those for whom life was largely a matter of meals and clothes, orgasm and real estate; it was not for "anyone who nurtured Emotion as the centre of existence, and who felt the permanent pull of an unseen, spiritual or cerebral world."

Wilson's scrupulous irony working on the Fleet Street garishness of his plot creates a darkly bitter confection. The novel reads very easily and in places is very funny, notably in some of the early scenes where Bernadette fumbles her way into a life of sin. Some modification of Blore's clownishness and of Hughie's virtue might have served the author's purposes better; however, a shade more realism would have lent bite to the satire and saved away lingering doubts as to whether Mr Wilson's cleverness has not become an end in itself.

Into the sophisticated sixties

John Melmoth

WILLIAM COOPER

Scenes From Later Life
258pp. Macmillan. £7.95.
0 333 34204 6

Scenes From Provincial Life, which initiated William Cooper's *Scenes From Life* trilogy, was praised on publication in 1950 for resisting the blandishments of a technically innovative but morally equivocal modernism. John Braine and Malcolm Bradbury argued that it contributed to the post-war survival of an indigenous, normative comedy of manners. Now that the lure of the *nouveau roman* has dwindled to a memory, *Scenes From Later Life* (billed as a "companion volume" to the trilogy), conspicuous for its blithe insistence on ordinariness, its focus on the fabric and nuances of domesticity, its commonsense empiricism, its *four naïf* authorial interjections, its irreverence, wit and sentimentality, still has a point to make. Joe Lunn, the narrator, assumes that sexual frankness is no longer, in itself, terribly exhilarating; the new taboos concern money, illness and death. The engaging reasonableness and emollient of Cooper's tone do not wholly conceal his urbane provocations.

The younger Joe was once mocked for recommending a café on the grounds that the tables were not cluttered with cheap cutlery. His fastidiousness was found to be "finicky". In his sixties, he remains uncomfortable in the world of objects. As he disarmingly observes, dealing with things can be very thingy: curtains have a habit of ending a foot from the floor, sofas tend to assume the wrong shade of yellow. Dealing with things through intermediaries is scarcely

more rewarding. Selling a house and buying a flat brings one into contact with estate agents, prospective buyers and removal men as well as compelling one to speculate on the philosophical intricacies of the "Asking Price" and the "Offering Price". In the world of Cooper's imagination, plumbers, carpenters, electricians and installers of kitchen units prove not to be paragons of efficiency and reliability.

Resolutely attending to the commonplace, Cooper nevertheless exercises his prerogative of having it both ways. His novel is pervaded by beguiling insinuations that there is something extraordinary about the ordinary. Joe's anguished conviction that moving house is one of the "deepest human experiences", in comparison with which doubting the existence of God conduces to relative calm, is simply a parodic overstatement of the prevailing point of view.

A number of the scenes from later life inevitably bear witness to the trauma of growing old, the body's frailty, the tyranny of the genes. Cooper wryly adumbrates the ills which aged flesh is heir to: from clouding eyes, greying hair and loosening teeth, through cataleptic arthritis and lumbago, to terminal cancer and the nagging fear of going finally round the bend. Having undergone surgery on his eye and hip, Joe does not spare us the details of hematomas and prostheses, hernias and haemorrhoids.

Such frankness reduces the reader to a wriggling recipient of unsought confidences. One is also exposed to revelations about the state of Joe's bank balance, the insecurities of a pensionless retirement, the falling health of his nonagenarian mother and the sexual misapprehensions which threaten his marriage.

Scenes From Later Life is committed

to wringing humour from the most desperate situations. Those in which, in a post-operative doze, Joe overhears student nurses arguing about how to operate his life-support system, or, recently bereaved, luggages with the undertaker about the fixtures and fittings of his mother's coffin, attest to the therapeutic significance of indignant levity.

If the concerns of Cooper's characters are unremarkable, the characters themselves can scarcely be said to represent the common man. Joe, a published novelist and part-time quango board-member, has friends who have become very important people: Members of the House of Lords, Secretaries of State, financiers and University Chancellors. Contacts in the literary and theatrical worlds are less exalted – although he does know people who know Peter Brook. His

fondness for the rich and powerful (degrees of wealth and influence are scrupulously differentiated) has enticed him, circumspect and self-deprecating, along the corridors of power and into life-long friendships with "Great Men". And the greatest of these is Robert, a man of affairs in the fullest sense, who has taken as his mistress Veronica, a "civil servant of some distinction".

A surprising number of these friends are also writers (Robert's last work was an American Book of the Month choice) and itching to talk shop. If his pronouncements on technique appear disingenuous – "It's vulgar to show your technique" – there can be no doubting Joe's sense of responsibility for the integrity of the language. His locutions are always measured and precise, but on occasions veer towards quaintness and primness.

Scenes From Later Life lacks the laconic insouciance of *Scenes From Provincial Life* and its success in amusing and perky, the older Joe scarcely claims to be thought of as original moralist: "Don't do things just because they're fashionable." He impresses, however, by virtue of his sophistication, gentility and self-pity. The one point at which his composure slips is when he contemplates the efforts of the *Scenes* reviewers – the "silly billys". Adam Wough and Anthony Burgess (who apparently accused him of "immoral sexual guilt") come in for a drubbing. When a review of one of his novels appears in the *TLS* under a name he does not recognize, Joe notes wryly that the impertinence of an "obscure provincial don". He is guilty as charged on only two of the three counts.

Roots and aerials

Peter Kemp

MELVYN BRAGG

Love and Glory
252pp. Secker and Warburg. £7.95.
0 436 06761 1

Opening with the singing of "As Time Goes By", Melvyn Bragg's new novel aims to show that even in the lives of television men and public personalities the fundamental things apply. To demonstrate this, as in his last novel *Kingdom Come* he counterpoints the careers of two boyhood friends.

Hailing from Cumbria, Ian and Willie, now inhabit diametrically opposed worlds. Ian has become a "great and glamorous" actor, charismatic and rapacious, professionally versatile but personally promiscuous. Though his sexual staying-power is formidable – "How can it go on for so long?" marvels a gratified girl-friend – he refuses to remain in a lasting relationship.

At the other extreme from Ian's feckless and reckless voracity is Willie. Almost laudably lacklustre, he peers out at life through "poor eyes" with "huge sticky white half-moon circles under their eyes". Weighed down by double-chins and a pot belly, he has flat feet, stained teeth, a bad back, and "no dress sense". While Ian swaggers from conquest to conquest, Willie is dismally saddled with a drunken and disgruntled wife. At work, things are even worse. Clinging to a dead-end job preparing obituary programmes for television, Willie – demoted ominously to "a smaller office on an unconvincing floor" – is soon fighting hopelessly against redundancy. At the same time, he has to struggle with his feelings for Caroline, an actress – and mistress of

Ian – with whom he's become infatuated. Predictably, this brings no alleviation of his angst. Out on the town with her, he chokes on an aspirin and, spectacles hanging from his "fiery wheezing countenance", has to be slugged back to safety by a waiter.

Yet, the book strains to suggest, Willie's ignominies should be viewed with reverence. His humiliations are recurrently invested with surprisingly religious overtones. Forced to have sex with his tipsy tartar of a wife, he does so "uttering her name several times, as if telling a rosary." Vomiting into a lavatory after his fiasco with Caroline, he is seen "On his knees as if in prayer, clutching the rim of the bowl as if it were an altar rail, looking up at the ceiling as to a cross, muttering 'Oh God, Oh my God' in prayer and penance." Finally put on a pedestal, Willie is transfigured in the novel's later stages, into a heretically purgatorial figure. Thanks to his incoherence, his wife sobers up, settles down to a new job, and falls back in love with him. Improvement breaks out in other areas as well: Willie's threatened television career sprouts again; careful food and cutlery lessons make his once-seedy uppearance bloom.

Behind all this burgeoning, the novel stresses, is Willie's refusal to be severed from his roots. At one point, he reflects that people perhaps deserve to be respected in proportion to "how far they have travelled from their inherited starting-point, without repudiating their origins." On this rating, the book's better characters all score highly. A television croon who does the right thing by Willie displays "continuing links with his past"; an amiable doctor-friend deplors those who "lose root"; Caroline, first soon bounding optimistically into fondness bearing wholesome garden produce

from the Borders, later retreats to her origins; Willie is with his roots in Cumbria when the novel ends.

Significantly, Ian – whose knowledge of his Lake District background is "laughably scanty" – is by starting to wilt. Women walk past him; Willie tells him straight; even acting deteriorates. Shaken, he confesses that Willie has always been a better man. The book's final chapter endorses this emphatically, with the emerging as another meretricious instance of Melvyn Bragg's favoured type – a man who successfully and sentimentally combines a steady presence in transmittable television with the novel ends, Willie is startled by a prestigious series called *Testaments* – "about what you believe in." The blend of moral and practical values this suggests is the very thing which Bragg sets out to achieve. Watching his mouth, Willie is struck by Willie's refusal to be severed from his roots. At one point, he reflects that people perhaps deserve to be respected in proportion to "how far they have travelled from their inherited starting-point, without repudiating their origins." On this rating, the book's better characters all score highly. A television croon who does the right thing by Willie displays "continuing links with his past"; an amiable doctor-friend deplors those who "lose root"; Caroline, first soon bounding optimistically into fondness bearing wholesome garden produce

D. J. ENRIGHT

A Mania For Sentences

211pp. Chatto and Windus £12.50.
0 7011 2662 0

Collected Poems
262pp. Oxford University Press. £10.
0 19 21194 9

Words alone are certain good, the poet said, although he was himself perhaps less certain than he sounded. D. J. Enright quotes the phrase in his new collection of essays, *Parodies* ("books alone are certain good"), and implicitly answers it with the desolate remark: "Your mania for sentences has dried up your heart."

In taking his title from this bleak judgement Enright must wish to add an irony or a question. Is his own interest in sentences, or the words that go into them, a mania? Are there heart-waters? How moist does a heart have to be? A sensible, unobsessed person is bound to ask this sort of thing from time to time, and in his poems Enright wonders at the apparent ease of extremists ("All their suicides unsuccessful") compared with the discomfort of his own moderation; describes his nerves as "twitching with sanity".

You think it is easy, all this sanity? Try it. It will send you mad.

Neither certain good nor desiccating mania, words for Enright are both equivocal and unavoidable. "Words, we might say, are like cats: owned and yet autonomous, both intimate and detached, volatile and dispassionate." "They help us to think right, they connive at our wrong thinking; we cannot leave the thinking to them." Or as Enright puts it in a poem, adapting Milton, "The words were all before them, which to choose."

This view of what we might call, a touch sanctimoniously, the morality of language, is a complement to Roland Barthes' more historicist claim that language is fascist. It is a complement, I think, rather than a counterclaim. For Barthes, the words only seem to be all before us. A lot of them have been chosen already; that is why we cannot leave the thinking to them. Language is fascist, he suggests, because it not only connives at our wrong thinking, it tells us what we are allowed to think, encloses us in an ideology which we mistake for the world. This proposition can scarcely be true as it stands, or Barthes would not be able to utter it, and I can think of occasions when it would need to be strenuously opposed. Language may remember, for example, what men forget. It may be the only hiding place for hunted or despised values. Its very ambiguity, its vulnerability to interpretation, is often an aspect of our freedom. And yet Barthes' notion does have a disquieting force: how many prejudices have we swallowed whole in mouthfuls of grammar or unexamined metaphor? – and it makes Enright's position look a trifle cosy.

We cannot leave the thinking to words, but can we entirely wrest it from them? If we are not their slaves, are we simply their masters? Usable words rest on all kinds of seemingly precarious, in fact rather stable, agreements between them and us, and between us and other people. When we like the agreements we talk about community; when we don't, we mutter about the silent majority.

It may be, Enright says, "that the present writer suffers from the well-attested British cowardice in the face of literary theory, even in the face of what might modestly be reckoned 'our own'. This nicely phrased apology verges on self-congratulation. Enright does not really believe his refusal of theory is cowardly, and he delights in the thought that E. B. White's work "leaves the self-regarding subtleties of the critical criticism hungry". Like many people now edgily writing on this subject, Enright appears to think that all theory is either narcissism or metaphysics, and that the only alternative to mind-bogglingly bad old labels is some vestige of Hegelian equiprobability. Surely there are virtues in speculation, in especially in bewilderment.

Not multiplying the monsters

Michael Wood

even when, or especially when, they trouble the findings of common sense. A dash of theory, for instance, might have made Enright wonder about his diagnosis of "that final scepticism towards ideologies to be detected in the majority of intelligent people." The fuzziness of the thought makes it very consoling. What about the ideologies intelligent people believe in? They are not really ideologies, or those people are not a majority? What about the ideologies most of us dutifully serve, with whatever degree of face-saving scepticism? No, no: ideologies are what other people think.

In place of theory Enright offers the "humbling activity" of "practical criticism", by which he seems to mean reviewing books and setting (and perhaps taking) exams. It is true, as Enright suggests, that reviews can be criticism. It is also true that most of them aren't. A good review reacts to a work, assesses it roughly, plays a few hunches, hints at connections. A number of T. S. Eliot's early essays on reviews in precisely this sense, only Eliot could make even clearing his throat sound like high culture, and we have institutionalized his hunches. Criticism is the testing of all this, the patient measuring of hints and hunches against the text in its detail, or against parallel texts, or historical evidence, or philosophical worry. There is no need for us to be pedantic about the distinction, and there will be plenty of times when we shan't want it, indeed when it would be a serious nuisance. But that is not a reason for throwing it away.

In this case the distinction allows us to see what sort of critic Enright is, and when he is being one. As a reviewer he is astute and wide-ranging and far less complacent than I have been making him sound. He gives accounts in this book of (among other things) biographies of Heine and the brothers Mann, of Brecht's poems, of Heinrich Böll and Günter Grass; of translations of classical Japanese texts and Flaubert's letters; of books about swearing and sexism and catch-phrases and clichés; of works by Queneau and Desani. He has a fine eye for a quotation – "Yes, one must forgive one's enemies," Heine says, "but not before they are hanged" – and subtly conjures up the atmosphere of whatever book he is discussing. He hesitates to condemn (too long, in the case of Frisch), and his praise is always argued, substantial. His principles, as he hopes, do "reveal or half-reveal themselves in passing." A writer's life is interesting, but not to be swapped for the work. "The best biography of an artist," I incline to think, would take the form of a critical commentary on his work, plus a *Who's Who* entry. And the best critical commentary on a work? Same thing minus the *Who's Who* entry? Never mind, this is only a hint, reviewer's shorthand.

The reviews that are criticism go a little further. There are, I would say, three of them here: two on novelists Enright admires but has doubts about, Robert Musil and Anthony Burgess; one on E. B. White, a figure Enright is some ways resembles. White's great skill, Enright says, was "not getting in the way", and this is Enright's skill too. Reflecting on the difficulty of lauding such negative virtue, he finds it positive faces: "Good humour, a quick intelligence, grace, succinctness, lucidity, sureness of aim." This is not merely, as Enright fears, a portrait of a really nice nineteenth-century gentleman. Since Enright is bothered by the sprawl of Musil's major work ("Musil's mind is a brilliant, speculative and almost a novel"), Enright discovers its most remarkable and attractive features: its respect for its readers, its generosity towards its characters, "among them", Enright says in wonder, "not a single imbecile or swine." As for Burgess, he is, in *Earthly Powers*, "too clever for his own good." That is the sort of accusation made by people who really *are* clever, so that bright themselves.

Enright suggests, there is too much in Burgess – too much equatorial and horror as well as sanity, though I am not sure "how grave the parody is, how heavily it draws on his capital." We don't have to

agree with this judgment to see how delicately it poses a crucial question.

Indeed if we put together Enright's sense of Musil and his reservation about Burgess – throwing in perhaps his soft spot for Böll's "endearing preference" for the happy end – we glimpse something rather more abstract and general than a principle: something like a moral theory. "We all settle for less than all," Enright says, which will sound glum only if you thought you could have everything. And since this is so, we need help in living with what we have settled for, as well as in not settling for less than we have. We don't want our writers to lia to us about the imbeciles and swine in the world. We ask them only to multiply the monsters out of misanthropy or masochism or fashionable despair. "Not all the wicked always prosper," Enright says in a poem, and we should like, as Dickens

The factory shuddered slightly at the sight.

That night the workers, back from perilous bench or office, Found their home-town quietly run to middle age . . .

Or "Misgiving at Dusk", which associates the noise of mosquitoes with the sound of a political meeting in, I take it, Singapore:

It is all a virginate humming. Night falls abruptly hereabouts. Shaking with lust, the mosquitoes Stiffen themselves with bloody posset. I have become their steved.

Mist-encrusted, flowers of jasmine glimmer On the grass, stars dismissed from office.

Now we have Enright's *Collected Poems* (not his *Complete Poems*, he says rather cryptically, although the book "is as complete as it needs to be"), and can look at this lively career



Study in pencil for "La Lecture", 1923, by Léger; it is reproduced from Fernand Léger by Peter de Francia (280pp, Yale University Press. £25. 0 300 03667 3), to be reviewed in a later issue of the TLS.

once argued, the happiest end that is consonant with the truth.

This may not be all that happy. "No man at peace makes poetry," Enright remarks, making poetry. And again: "You need defeat's soufflé for poetry." The happiness you must take as read, the writing of it is so difficult. It is this, Enright's achievement as a poet that we can take the happiness as read, as what must at times have been there in a life so observantly and equably registered.

"We are making an egg," said Adam. He was 300 years of age. Eve counted the takings in silence. She was slightly younger.

"I'll take a quick look," said Adam. Coming back, he told her, "We are losing the roundabout."

The defeats and the wars which produce poetry are always seen in perspective, which in these matters may be another name for wisdom. "Suffering exists," Enright asserts, "and most of it is not yours."

"The full horror of this world – or whole happiness." We can't imagine Sylvia Plath or John Berryman writing those lines: nothing less than the full horror for them, the wholly squandered bliss. And I suppose anyone caught up in irreducible sorrow would feel Enright was being bland. For the rest of us, for most of the time, the idea is compelling because of its alarming, accurate modesty. So much suffering is not ours; not even within reach of our talk or sympathy. It is because Enright sees this that we trust him to have known his less than whole happiness when it came.

If we have read Enright poetry at any time in the last thirty years or so, we shall probably remember a poem called "The Pied Piper of Akashi" entitled "A Japanese Tale", in which a beautiful maid raises misadventure, and his park full of children and old people.

In the morning brightness, the dazed human target, by a human error, and let their sleeping brothers lie. They taught the pigs a lesson, the grass repeated its aggression. While nearby

from *The Laughing Hyena and other poems* (1973) to *A Four Year Poem* (1979). There are also some newer poems brought together for the first time in this volume. Do the works change when seen in this context? Not really, although their particular qualities, Enright's debts and gifts and falterings become clearer. In his early poems he often sounds like Auden ("Woe Freud, untidily right? . . . Was Goethe wholly wrong?"), and at times there are echoes of Empson and Larkin. Early and late, there are multiple, casual allusions – to Yeats, Eliot, Marvell, many others. Enright's Faust is haunted not only by Goethe and Thomas Mann, as well he might be, but also by Brecht, Wordsworth and Shakespeare. The line Marlowe gives to Mephistopheles ("Why, this is hell, not an I out of it") comes up at different times, a sort of touchstone, a reminder that "A man can lose his soul in many ways. And all spectacular." Enright writes *Paradise Lost*, finding, as the previous and the following samples show, a tone which is crisp, disrespectful, funny, and yet grim enough to remove all suspicion of frivolity.

"Come!" spoke the Almighty to Adam. "There's work to do, even in Eden."

"I want to see what you'll eat them." The Lord said, "It's a good day for it."

He added, (Adam was missing his mouth.)

So they shuffled past, as they hoped. Or they shuffled. The beasts of the field And the fowls of the air, Preparing not to notice him.

"Speak up now," said the Lord God briskly. "Olive each and every one: the name thereof."

"Fido," said Adam, thinking hard. As the minute went past him one by one, "Bambi," "Harry," "Pooh," "Indiana," "Aldous," "Apples," "Kraft-Ebbing," "Judo-Chien," "Schorkel," "Buggins," "Bollock."

"Bollock will do," said the Lord God. "The rest are rubbish. You must try again tomorrow."

What the *Collected Poems* shows, perhaps more clearly than anything else is how good a poet Enright is, how good a writer, how good a subject, how good a man. His poems are direct, confrontations are his. His attempts at head-on with "Hope became a chorus

girl/She springs eternally", "Nymph, in thy officina be my sins remembered" – look desperate when compared with the oblique and compact authority of the "lively legions of the poor and maimed" or the creature who wears "a hood of sacking/Over the might-be head/And the should-be shoulders". Or offhanded like these:

That was long ago. Today I'm as you find me. All my articulations flapping freely. Free from every prejudice, shaking all over.

Or these:

The sleeping dogs Start up from every corner: they have not read the textbooks That bid us pat their heads. The only bone they want is us.

Enright is anxious to keep "poetry" out of his poetry, and seems embarrassed himself by his occasional stabs at open lyricism. A pipe's smoke prints/its verses on the hand-made paper of the sky. Well, maybe he's tight to be embarrassed. On the run from this sort of thing he sometimes falls into flat prose or mere coarseness, as when he mangles a marvellous early poem ("Waiting for the Bus") by wanting to sound bright and down to earth at the end: "Then have we missed the bus? Or were we sure/Which way the wind is blowing?" More often he gets the prose and the poetry together in a language that is both spare and weighted. The *Workhouse* in *The Terrible Steers*, Enright's sequence of poems about his "twenties childhood", is "like a black cann/Running through our lives." "It is Christmas – Someone will pay for this." "Sickness was different in those days. People tended to die of it." Language like this is a triumph of terseness, and plainly gets just the effect Enright is after. It is the moment when or, as an early poem puts it, "dies back to life".

Enright's most appealing poems are the ones with more bounce and flow: many early pieces, and his splendid remaking of Milton. (The admiration you must take as read, the writing of it is so difficult.) "Faust is a good theme for him, and produces fine moments, but there is something diffuse about *A Faust Book*, the gaps a little troubling; the pain, not securely focused. Then Enright: the death of innocents, and the loss of paradise. "The greatest griefs", he memorably says on the first subject, "shall find themselves inside the smallest cage." And for the second he invariably finds the humour and the energy of a man who knows that settling for less than all may still leave us with quite a handful. The poet and the critic meet here, watchers of a world which is not, which never was, Eden.

There was the escort, in position. Freckles, fiery arms and flaming brands – Handicapped Cherubim, four faces To each man and pairs of eyes to match. "A splendid turn-out!" Eve declared, Wavering graciously. "Not like our coming in," said Adam, Grabbing her wrist. "Hurry up please!" said the Archangel. His men were sweating, the Sword of God Had started its shibboleth burning. "We don't want any trouble, do we?"

In its two most recent issues *The Crane*, Bag has departed from its hitherto "almost exclusive investigation of fresh culture". Volume 6, number 2 had Latin America as its subject and Volume 7, number 1 is on "Socialism and Literature". The contents of this latter issue are divided into two sections: Part I: "East European and Soviet Literature"; Part II: "The Irish Connection". Part I contains (among others) a contribution on "Josef Brodsky and The Great Elegy for John Donne: A Note" by Hugh Maxton; Part II, "Aesthetic Experience and Contemporary Capitalism: Notes on Georg Lukacs and Walter Benjamin," by Jennifer Todd and Part III, "Some Notes on Wilde's Socialism," by Peter van der Kamp and Patrick Leahy. *The Crane* is published twice a year (subscription £5 per year) and is available from 75 Pembroke Cottages, Dublin 4, Ireland. The next issue will be on "The Intellectual Life of Ireland".

September Books

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Back to paranormal

Lindsay Duguid

JANICE ELLIOTT

Magic
192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.95.
0 340 34275 7

Magic opens with a series of impressions: an old man on waking mixes sensations ("a waffle of the toes confirmed a heart still pumping") and memories ("The first time you came to the island I waded out and carried you ashore. Lost your shoe, your stockings feet trailing in the water") in a matter of pages we move to the parallel streams of consciousness of three new characters: Susan Humble, Virginia and Kitty, and the contrasted southern-Mediterranean village. These babies, Kate (who, to break dogs) and some (named) cats, girls and pieces of information are slyly mingled in until we are aware that the aged St Oliver Hartley who inhabits the factory on the island with Susan Humble (the

servant and accomplice), has sent telegrams to his family demanding their presence at his deathbed. No one is in any doubt that mischief is planned.

A further impressionist piling up of scenes artfully provides us with glimpses of an estranged wife's former lover, a drop-out grandson and his hippy girlfriend, a warm-hearted West Indian landlady in Clapham and the chief cat, Alceste. This technique is used to set up a plot of some complexity, and to encompass a generous notion of magic. The element of the supernatural prevents the novel from becoming a competent but commonplace affair of family feuds, wills and romantic tangles by imposed on events from outside the pattern which is echoed within the novel itself. The unnatural phenomena are introduced in a naturalistic way. This is not just a matter of the particular psychic gifts possessed by Oliver, Susan Humble and Kitty, but a general atmosphere which brings out the paranormal in everyone. It is a magic which encompasses reincarnation, out-of-body experiences, W. B. Yeats, television and the Virgin Mary (She spoke gently, as you would

expect, but she was quite firm) and of everyday island life. It is in this with the supernatural that the novel rests on all kinds of seemingly precarious, in fact rather stable, agreements between them and us, and between us and other people. When we like the agreements we talk about community; when we don't, we mutter about the silent majority.

The novel provides many pleasant lyrical descriptions of the island, of character sketches, of local allusions – as well as a happy ending. Elliott's touch is light and delicate, coincidences are felicitous. The novel's fictional geography (it is perhaps a loan from Iris Murdoch) is the terrain and the tendency to see a scene as a family) are a source of enchantment affecting not only family but a large number of other people. Similarly as a believer in reincarnation takes place in a television interview but far from alienating the reader, public it generates popular sympathy. The hippy girlfriend, well as well as half-baked ideas. By means of control and a contradictory picture of the island, Elliott gives us a picture of human powers which is highly fictional becomes the reality.

**NINA
BAWDEN**

The Ice-House

*"A riveting, good and psychologically faultless
read, horrifyingly funny"*
Christopher Wordsworth, *The Guardian*

"A chilling, well worked melodrama"
Gay Firth, *The Financial Times*

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The repertoire enlarged

Judith Chernaik

JOAN CHISSELL

Clara Schumann: A Dedicated Spirit
232pp. Hamish Hamilton. £15.
0 241 10367 3

Though she was one of the great nineteenth-century pianists in her own right — as a child prodigy she was compared favourably with Liszt and Thalberg — a biography of Clara Schumann inevitably takes much of its interest from her relationship to two of the towering creative figures of Romantic music, Schumann and Brahms. Virtually everything Schumann wrote between 1834 and 1840, the year of his marriage to Clara — and that includes almost all his solo piano music, and the great song cycles of 1840 — was composed for Clara, or was meant as a portrait of her, often incorporating themes from her own compositions (pleasing but slight *solrde* pieces rushed into print by her ambitious father). Robert Schouffer persuasively analysed all three piano sonatas and the great C major Fantasia as an extended development of a single "Clara" theme (a five-note falling phrase or a turn representing her name), and Eric Sams has identified clusters of recurrent "Clara" motifs in the songs, which constitute a hidden subtext to the words of Heine or Eichendorff.

The music of Brahms, too, is always associated with the name of Clara Schumann. Brahms presented himself to Schumann and Clara with an introduction from Joachim when he was twenty, only a few months before Schumann's final breakdown. Brahms then became Clara's chief emotional support, taking care of the seven surviving children when she went on

tour, writing to her almost daily in terms which at first suggest a youthful hero-worship, but soon mature into the great and enduring passion of his life. He too put her into his music, adding Variations to Clara's Variations on a theme of Schumann's, drawing her musical portrait in the slow movement of the D minor Piano Concerto, and for forty years consulting her on the revision of all his compositions.

Clara herself saw her role primarily as an interpreter of the works of others, though her own mature compositions, too few in number, include a fine Piano Trio which is still performed. When she resumed active concert touring after Schumann's death, she worked ceaselessly to introduce his music into the concert repertoire, and she used her great popularity to help establish the major tradition that still forms the core of the pianist's repertoire today.

She became a powerful figure in musical circles on the Continent and in England, defending classical form against what was seen as the undisciplined self-indulgence of Liszt and Wagner (Shaw saw her as a force for a sterile conservatism), and insisting in her teaching and performances that interpretation must always serve the music, rather than provide an excuse for virtuoso display.

Joan Chissell provides an extremely informative, scrupulously detailed and lucid account of Clara Schumann's musical life — the early training by her father Friedrich Wieck, the concert programmes (1,300 of them carefully saved by the family), the tours of England and Russia, the prodigious repertoire, the tributes of pupils like Fanny Davies who carried on the "Schumann" tradition. The minor life comes through in moving passages from Clara's diaries and letters (quoted in turn-of-the-century translations)

which document the long struggle with her father over Schumann's courtship, her happiness in marriage, her lament about the difficulty of finding time to practise, the endless pregnancies, the first alarms over Schumann's health, the tragedy of his illness and death.

More personal questions Joan Chissell treats with a discretion admirable in a fellow music-lover but somewhat disappointing in a biographer. In a letter to her children explaining her friendship with Brahms, Clara complained bitterly of "petty and envious souls" who might cast aspersions on their relations. Common sense suggests that their relations were essentially as Clara described them — but the relationship was as stormy as any sexual relationship could have been, and might have been examined with a more critical eye.

In choosing to minimize the controversy surrounding Schumann's illness, Chissell is perhaps too fastidious, for much of Clara's energy was spent, first, in denying rumours that Schumann was suffering from mental or physical deterioration, second, in suppressing any hint that his breakdown might have been syphilitic in origin. Yet she must have had some private doubts with tormenting questions about her own children, their illnesses and early deaths. Schumann's *Tagebücher*, published in German in 1971 but not yet translated, provide a graphic account of his first attack of syphilis, his treatment and apparent recovery, all of which occurred while he was a lodger in Wieck's house and his pupil. There are also several references to a young woman named Christel or Charitas (in her David-bund person), who appears here only in passing. Clara seems to have met her at least once, and probably had more knowledge of this side of Schumann's life (which, after all, impinged directly on her own life

in fateful ways) than she or her biographers would care to admit.

In spite of the impression of great dignity which Clara made in later years, her life was an extremely turbulent one, crossed by tragedies almost beyond bearing. The "wild passion" which Schumann described in the young Clara, and which he caught in his musical portrait of her in *Caravari*, must have continued to simmer throughout her married life, flaring out later on in her quarrels with Brahms. Her "marriage diary" right from the start records her despair at Robert's imagined coldness, her struggle to reconcile her devotion to his creative genius with her own needs as an artist. She must have been "a dedicated spirit" — she could not possibly have carried on a performer's life through eight pregnancies and the

deaths of husband and children, if she had not had extraordinary strength of character and will. But the conflicts that shaped her life are glossed over here — not only the central passion but the difficult relations with Liszt and Wagner and even with the adored Meudelssohn, whose hostility to Schumann may have had to do with a suspicion of antisemitism, for which there is some evidence in Schumann's diaries. Absorbing as this biography will be to music-lovers, there is not a word of it which Clara herself would not have approved — which suggests that it cannot be the whole story.

One small quibble: the useful quotations from Clara's compositions could have been supplemented by a discography and a list of editions currently in print, which do exist though they are hard to come by.

A tradition established

Patrick Carnegie

HEINRICH FORGES

Wagner Rehearsing the Ring: An Eye-Witness Account of the Stage Rehearsals of the First Bayreuth Festival
Translated by Robert L. Jacobs
145pp. Cambridge University Press.
£9.95
0 521 23722 X

While there is no lack of ear and eye-witness accounts of its premiere in 1876, their authors were usually too stupefied by the Ring to pay over-much attention to detail. Wagner and Cosima recorded their own views of what came off and what didn't, but these too fail to give a rounded picture; the period of the first festival, August 13-30, 1876, occupies barely two printed pages in Cosima's *Diaries*. Hence the importance of the bar-by-bar report — with 411 music examples — left by Heinrich Forges, *Die Bühnenproben zu den Bayreuther Festspielen des Jahres 1876*, a rare book even in Germany, which has now been expertly translated by Robert L. Jacobs under the title *Wagner Rehearsing the Ring*.

Forges was a trusted musical assistant of Wagner, and after the composer's death of Cosima too. He coached the Flower-maidens at the first performance at Parsifal, prompting the composer to christen him "Blumenwäcker". Wagner had singled Forges out as the Ring's chronicler as early as 1872, two years before the score was finished: "I want you to follow all my rehearsals very closely... and to note down everything I say, even the smallest details, about the interpretation and performance of our work, so that a tradition goes down in writing." While the reliability of Forges's account is not in serious doubt, there is some element of uncertainty in that we cannot be sure when he wrote it up. For it did not begin to appear in print until 1880 and was not completed until 1896 (and probably then only because that was when the Ring returned for the first time to Bayreuth).

Forges has most to tell us about how Wagner rehearsed the music played and sung. This was particularly necessary in that Hans Richter's temple were often of the record with the composer's wishes and notes. Forges was playing the reporter who knows what the speaker ought to have said. As is though, anticipating those who like to be beaten to the "repetitiveness" of the leitmotif, Wagner stressed that there were immense differences in how they were deployed; when the (Valhalla) motive is depicting an actual happening it should be delivered in a grand style, slowly and broadly, but when serving as a reminiscence — as for example in Siegfried's narrative — slightly faster and with accents less pointed. "... a fine line must always be drawn between the degree of expression demanded by a present event and a recollected one."

The audibility of the words was a constantly recurring problem. What to do about this? Wagner declared that the orchestra should support the singer as the sea does a boat, rocking but

never upsetting or swamping — and over again he employed the image. The composer's emphasis on "musical-dramatic naturalness" is a reminder of how hard most nineteenth-century singers found it to identify with any role other than that of their own ego. Wagner, whose historic gift was so supremely developed as Mozart's, must have suffered over and over again at what singers found to see and project in their roles.

In large measure Forges's tale of the Ring as Wagner, or of Wagner as the Ring, is hardly matters which "he could, as if by magic," says Forges, "assume as a stroke any role in the situation" — indeed, in the rehearsal of the Ring he demonstrated that powers so fully it was as though he himself were the "total actor" of the entire drama.

Here and there are clues about how the music should relate to the spectacle. "It must be a matter of principle never, except in very rare cases, to transform scenic effects into purely pictorial ones" — a confirmation that Wagner composed everything, as Adolphe Appia observed, the stage is but the opened eye of the score. Wagner allowed the scenic effects to "burden on the pictorial" only when "after some decisive happening the action seems to be slowing down."

Forges's descriptions of the action are extraordinarily precise. In instance of Fricka protesting Wotan's incoherence in Siegmund and Sieglinde's incest: "As she puts her hand to her forehead, Fricka asks questions in tones of noble indignation: 'Fricka's movements become fiercer... Fricka's lean back with arms outstretched. She holds this imposing stance for some time. The trouble with this sort of rubric was that Cosima imposed it on subsequent Frickas. The gospel according to Forges was a key text in her religion of "natural" performance.

Modern producers like Wieland Wagner and Patrice Chéreau have rightly fled from such a sterile aesthetic; the Ring turns a new face to everyone who performs or experiences it. Forges won't change the way anyone puts on the Ring today, though his book could help them avoid many a pitfall, as well as adding greatly to our understanding of what the great work meant to its creator.

Eric Sams has drawn, with permission on his articles in the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* "Hugo Wolf" and "The Romantic Lied" (and on Mörike) in much new material included in the second edition of *The Songs of Hugo Wolf* (40pp. Eulenburg, 48 Great Marlborough Street, London W1V 2BN. £9.95). The 32 songs for voice and piano have been added the three songs for voice and orchestra. The three songs for voice and orchestra are more motifs, and further examples, given in the introductory essay by Wolf and written compass are supplied by the author, with dates of orchestration, and the English translation, and the commentary are revised, and parallels drawn between Wolf and other great song-writers, and the information on poets he and his sources. Gerald Moore's foreword to the original edition of 1961 is retained.

WILLIAM BROAD and NICHOLAS WADE

Betrayers of the Truth: Fraud and Deceit in the Halls of Science
256pp. Century Publishing. £8.95.
0 7126 0243 7

A fraudulent scientist makes good similar notice from the attentive public. Two or three times a year, some wretched researcher is shown to have faked his experiments, or fabricated the published work of others. Occasionally somebody unmask some old rogue, now mercifully deceased, who rose to scientific eminence on a pack of lies. It is all very distressing. It gives one the shivers to think that a fearless seeker after truth, like that admirable Dr Jekyll, should really be a grasping, cowardly, lying Hyde, polluting the sacred archives of knowledge, and incidentally making a good living out of it at the taxpayers' expense.

William Broad and Nicholas Wade are two of the most experienced reporters on science policy and politics in the United States. They probably did not embark on this book to convey such an ingenuously message, but like most of us who write for gain they may have found that they lacked the moral fortitude not to play to the populist gallery. When their work was published in America last year, it certainly found a noisy reception; the hiving off of official science was drowned in raucous cheering from the anti-science lobbies, delighted to have their suspicions confirmed and their resentments justified. The reactions of the popular media in this country give the same false impression that this is just a book of sensational revelations.

By lapsing occasionally into this tone, the authors have damaged what could have been an excellent study of a very interesting subject. Of course it is not quite so new as they seem to think: several well-known novelists, including William Cooper in *The Struggles of Albert Woods*, and C. P. Snow in *The Search*, long ago exposed the seamy side of the scientific life in quasi-fictional form. Nor is this a work of original scholarship. Most of the real-life cases were reported at length in *Science*, the weekly publication of

the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for which Wade has been and Broad still is a staff writer. But it was certainly a good idea to bring this material together into a readable book. The official ideology of the scientist as a "honest seeker after truth" (etcetera) is unconvincing without some account to these most grievous sins. The social psychology of science is a less-sided discipline without some attention to its pathological aspects. Scientists and scholars are in need of a detailed description and interpretation of this deviant phenomenon.

The primary message is, of course, that scientists are all too human. That is such a familiar fact of life that it was scarcely worth emphasizing it by faked his experiments, or fabricated the published work of others. Occasionally somebody unmask some old rogue, now mercifully deceased, who rose to scientific eminence on a pack of lies. It is all very distressing. It gives one the shivers to think that a fearless seeker after truth, like that admirable Dr Jekyll, should really be a grasping, cowardly, lying Hyde, polluting the sacred archives of knowledge, and incidentally making a good living out of it at the taxpayers' expense.

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The traditional ethos of science is unashamedly individualistic. It is not surprising that people are tempted to help themselves into a cosy appointment and even a bit of glory. Science, after all, is a hypercritical profession, where everything is supposed to get checked three times over. The pride of the academic world is that it is not bureaucratically organized, but a democratic community held together by unwritten conventions and uncodified norms, where virtue is rewarded by public esteem, and vices are discouraged by loss of personal credibility. In reality, it is a loosely structured oligarchy, where responsibility and influence are irregularly distributed and ill-defined. This is just the sort of system where the confidence trickster can flourish for

Fudging the facts

John Ziman

and how much mischief does it cause? The authors list fifteen notorious cases in the past decade: these are an infinitesimal proportion of the hundreds of thousands of scientists now at work, and are clearly of no significance in the enterprise as a whole. But Broad and Wade go on to assert that this is merely the tip of a vast mountain of deceit, covered up by clouds of administrative obfuscation and genteel denial. They also assert that the increasing number of publicly admitted cases is evidence that scientists are being driven further into corners by growing pressures of competition for grants and jobs.

Here the authors have given in to the journalistic temptation to sensational exaggeration. Their estimates of the prevalence of fraud are extrapolated far beyond reliable evidence, and are wildly inconsistent with the personal experience of most active scientists. Of course, there can be few scientists who live up to the ideal of utterly scrupulous, totally objective, painstakingly thorough and positive honesty projected by the traditional ideology, but that does not mean that they are oblivious to these moral imperatives and knowingly present false or fabricated results for personal advantage. It is wiser to count the minor sins such as failing to cite a relevant source, or presenting the data so as to favour one's theory, along with all the errors, omissions, follies, obscurities, misinterpretations and other unintentional imperfections that cloud the face of scientific truth.

Tolerance of such imperfections is not only humane; it also recognizes the sociological principle that the reliability of scientific knowledge does not derive from the personal qualities of scientists, but from their interpersonal relations. Broad and Wade correctly emphasize that science is ruled, not by a hidden hand, but by an "invisible boot", which eventually rubbishes and discreetly disposes of erroneous data, and disconfirms theories. This boot does not always kick as hard and as accurately as is sometimes supposed. One of the most interesting general points to emerge from the study of scientific fraud is that experiments and observations are seldom deliberately replicated, as philosophers have usually supposed, so that false data are not immediately exposed. Even when a research claim is not confirmed in a later experiment by another scientist, there are usually innumerable better explanations to be considered before one would suspect deliberate fraud. Research is a taxing

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craft, where the uncertainty of one's own results is far more obvious than the dubious reputation of a colleague.

Nevertheless, as philosophers and sociologists of science are beginning to realize, the truth of science is not to be discovered at any single point in the map of knowledge, but belongs, if at all, to the map as a whole. It is the self-consistency of the overall network of facts and theories, bound together in all sorts of ways, that makes it strong and powerful. A gross fraud, such as Burt's, can distort this network seriously for a while, but eventually the contradictions with soundly crafted research become apparent; it is checked and given the boot. Broad and Wade spend too much of their breath attacking obsolete philosophical notions, apparently unaware of this new metascientific insight which would have made sense of most of their observations.

The absolute honesty of scientists may not be a matter for deep concern at present, but any suggestion that fraud is becoming much more prevalent has to be considered seriously. The direct evidence on this point is very unreliable; it may be, simply, that emphatic demands for public accountability and social responsibility in the practice of research bring more cases than before into the limelight. Science is now a much grander enterprise, much nearer to the centre of national life, and much more subject to public scrutiny. Perhaps it is also getting tougher and more competitive, and its traditional individualism has to adapt to collective forces and structures.

If science is, indeed, getting less honest, can anything be done about it? Nobody who understands how it works would suggest that it could be policed by some formal institutional device going beyond the traditional mechanisms of peer review, referee reports and the open critical literature. But one should not discount the ethos of the individual researcher as a major factor in the health of the enterprise as a whole. A great deal still depends upon the superego fostered by years of training, the still small voice insisting that one must not skimp one's work; one must get it right, one must tell it as it is, however unprofitable to oneself in the short run. People are not born like that, but there must be a basis for the scientific ethos within the person, as it developed from infancy. The study of deceit in science should really expand into a study of the practical ethics of society at large, since that is where scientists mostly live.

Musical offshoots

Alan Blackwood

CHRISTOPHER WOLFF and others

The New Grove Bach Family
372pp. Macmillan. £8.95 (paperback).
£4.95.
0 333 34370 0

WINTON DEAN

The New Grove Handel
185pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (paperback).
£3.95.
0 333 34366 2

JENS PETER LANSSEN

The New Grove Haydn
237pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (paperback).
£3.95.
0 333 34369 7

STANLEY SADIE

The New Grove Mozart
247pp. Macmillan. £7.95.
0 333 34369 7

MAURICE J. E. BROWN

The New Grove Schubert
360pp. Macmillan. £7.95 (paperback).
£3.95.
0 333 34367 0

The new twenty-volume edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* appeared three years ago to the kind of acclaim that such a monumental work of scholarship deserved. The New Grove Biographies cannot expect quite the same unanimous reception, but their illustrious paragon will do them a power of good.

The series blurb says: "The New Grove composer biographies have been selected from the dictionary to bring the finest of the book-length pieces to an immensely wider audience." Biography is a slightly misleading description of them. They are resumes or digests of the main events in each composer's life, accompanied by an evaluation of his music; a detailed list of his compositions, a bibliography, and

other reference material. The blurb goes on to speak of the facts having been "expanded and updated for book publication", in some measure this is true. Maurice Brown, for example, has added two new pieces in the Schubert volume, one dealing specifically with the two great song cycles, *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*; the other devoted to his church and choral music. For the most part, though, text revisions do not amount to much more than editorial window-dressing. The bulk of the material has just been lifted bodily from its place in the *Dictionary*.

The publishers acknowledge that the content of each title is now appearing in a form for which, presumably, it was not originally intended. In a standard preface they write: "The fact that the texts of the books in this series originated on dictionary articles inevitably gives them a character somewhat different from that of books conceived as such." It does indeed. In the context of the *Dictionary* they may be regarded as very substantial entries. Nevertheless, they are highly condensed and uniform in style, concentrating almost entirely on hard facts and leaving little in the way of personal opinion or conjecture of any kind.

Thus in his volume on Handel, Winton Dean — mindful of the need to encapsulate everything in as few words as possible — writes of the "summary deconstruction" that nearly befell the almost-Francesca Cuzzoni at the hands of the irate composer. I expect he is referring to the occasion, during an argument, when Handel, who was reported to have grabbed hold of the lady and threatened to throw her out of a window, belittling her. "Madame, I know you are a true sea devil, but I show you that I am Bezzababbi!" As there is no room in these books for such anecdotes, I am glad, however, that Stanley Sadie, editor of *Mozart*, and editor of the *Dictionary* as a whole, does just find space to quote from Wolfgang's letter to his father in which he describes his dismissal from the service of Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo "with a kick on my rear". The one volume in this group that may really gain something from its origins is *The Bach Family*, in the

Dictionary each notable member of the family — several of Johann Sebastian's ancestors as well as his progeny — receives a separate entry. This is exactly how the material is presented in this book, emphasizing even more forcefully what an amazing dynasty the Bach family was over a period of nearly 300 years.

Apart from such editorial matters, the transplanting of copy from the large two-column format of the *Dictionary* to the much smaller page area of this series has carried with it some problems of production. Illustrations are heavily all either enlarged or reduced in size. This has not mattered much, except in those cases where there has been no practical alternative but to print them sideways on to the page. Unhappily, this latter solution has also been applied to the long lists of each composer's works. In the case of Haydn, whose list of compositions is longer even than those of J. S. Bach or Handel, eighty-four pages of the book have been printed in this inconvenient way.

The catalogues of works themselves are pretty comprehensive and detailed, as they should be, coming from such a formidable work of reference. But there is the occasional omission, or oversight to record. Haydn's splendid Symphony no. 88 in G major is some-what given the nickname "Letter V", though heaven knows why. Regrettably, there is no mention of the fact that Haydn's String Quartet in D minor, Opus 76 no. 2, is duly noted as the "Fifths" Quartet, though without explaining here or in the main body of the text, that the nickname is derived from the intervals of a fifth that form the work's opening theme. It would have been worth adding that the third movement of this quartet is also widely known as the "Hexamenich" or "Witches' Minuet" on account of its supposedly eerie character. Incidentally, in all these lists of works, compositions in the major mode have the key letter given as a capital, while minor keys are indicated by the appropriate letter in lower case. This is a piece of shorthand for which, though I am not sure, I should find no explanation in any of the volumes.

Forges has most to tell us about how Wagner rehearsed the music played and sung. This was particularly necessary in that Hans Richter's temple were often of the record with the composer's wishes and notes. Forges was playing the reporter who knows what the speaker ought to have said. As is though, anticipating those who like to be beaten to the "repetitiveness" of the leitmotif, Wagner stressed that there were immense differences in how they were deployed; when the (Valhalla) motive is depicting an actual happening it should be delivered in a grand style, slowly and broadly, but when serving as a reminiscence — as for example in Siegfried's narrative — slightly faster and with accents less pointed. "... a fine line must always be drawn between the degree of expression demanded by a present event and a recollected one."

The audibility of the words was a constantly recurring problem. What to do about this? Wagner declared that the orchestra should support the singer as the sea does a boat, rocking but

Seeing it whole

Roger Cooter

SAMUEL HAHNEMANN

Organon of Medicine
Translated by Jost Künzli, Alain Naudé, and Peter Pendleton
270pp. Collinson. £7.95.
0 575 03328 2

Few so-called "alternative" medicines have been as successful and enduring as homeopathy. Subjected to endless ridicule, to legislation, to repressive measures of the orthodox medical establishment; the combination of the theory of "like cures like" and the practice of "dynamized" infinitesimal doses has not only survived for over a century and a half, but has thrived.

The NHS now supports it and the Prince of Wales provides it with patronage. So, too, have farmers, factory workers and housewives, the "educated classes", manufacturers, and local authorities — though often for very different reasons. In the past the cheapness of homeopathic remedies was a strong recommendation, though the aristocracy and the wealthy bourgeoisie have never minded paying high prices for a medicine "almost guaranteed not to kill". More than most forms of medicine, homeopathy, it has been appreciated, grants a large role to the healing power of nature.

Important too has been the rhetoric

of a "people's medicine" that has frequently surrounded the practice. Though always more upper and middle-class than plebeian, homeopathy's relatively easy grasp and safe application have allowed it to be construed as democratically open to all. In contrast to the "hoarded", often arcane and often lethal knowledge of medical elites, this homeopathy has often served not just as a therapeutic, but as a social and political resource.

Most consistently compelling, however, and intellectually, however, has been its holistic, non-mechanical approach to sickness and health. Repudiating the fragmented, materialist gaze of clinical medicine, homeopathy has always, in fact, been a holistic medicine, one that has sought to treat sick persons as whole individuals rather than as the afflicted bearers of particular pathologies. Samuel Hahnemann, who regarded health as the sovereignty of a "spirit-like vital force" (*dynamis*) animating the material human organism (fully reflecting the influence of late-eighteenth-century *naturphilosophie*), considered as crucial the need for the physician to play careful attention to "the patient's age, way of living, diet, activities, domestic situation, social circumstances, etc." and, above all, to "emotional and mental disposition". Well ahead of his time and to a large extent our own, Hahnemann insisted in the *Organon* that "the totality of symptoms and circumstances observed in each individual case [that] is the one

and only indication that can guide... to the choice of the remedy."

Yet, paradoxically, the *Organon* itself, the foundation of homeopathic medicine, has played little role in the development of the appeal and popularity. Published in 1810 as the *Organon der rationellen Heilkunde* (hereafter, in five editions during the author's life, as the *Organon of the Healing Art*), the book was a failure from the start. Far from leading to Hahnemann's hoped-for recognition as the latest and greatest system-builder in medicine, since John Brown and William Cullen, it was greeted with indifference and derision. To some extent this was deserved; although Hahnemann was a gifted physician and well-read in chemistry, botany and medical therapeutics, his book was prelatiously written (in the aphoristic style of Hippocrates), was immodest in its claims to originality, unscrupulous in many of its assertions and reckless in many of its conclusions, frequently dogmatic, intolerant of "perverted allopathic bunglers", disdainful of the need for scientific legitimacy, repetitious, not overburdened with pedantic footnotes (which frequently are longer than the aphorisms themselves).

This renders the book all the more fascinating historically, but also helps to explain why homeopaths themselves have traditionally kept it largely out of sight, usually drawing it out only to lend an authoritative gloss

to an already established faith. Significantly, the standard English version of the *Organon* — a translation of the fifth edition of 1833 — did not appear until 1849, the year of the establishment of the London Homeopathic Hospital at the culmination of the first phase of the movement in England. Even then, the translator sought to apologize for the author's "peculiar physiological notions".

The present translation of the posthumous sixth edition (prepared by Hahnemann in 1842, a year before his death at the age of 88, and only first published in 1921) likewise comes to us on the heels of what its translators refer to as "the most remarkable reawakening of interest in homeopathy during the last ten years". There are no caveats here, however; approaching the spirit of Hahnemann himself, rather, the translators prophesy that the *Organon* "may in time be widely recognized as one of the most important books in the entire history of medicine" — a prediction founded on the further expectation that homeopathy will eventually "turn out to be the new medicine of the world". One somehow doubts both claims, if only because so much of what Hahnemann wrote (as for example on the "dynamic contagion of chirolophism") and the way he wrote it, is so outlandishly outside the social and therapeutic context in which it was written.

Nevertheless, one must be grateful

to the Hahnemann Foundation of California, for commissioning a complete new translation of this long unavailable classic. There is not and cannot be another authentic source for the principles and practice of homeopathy, nor any work that better captures the spirit and force of Hahnemann's polemic. Whether read historically, for insight into the theoretical and practical state of medicine at the end of the eighteenth century, or, in the light of modern high-tech medicine, as a valuable tract on the holistic humanist approach to illness, the *Organon* is rewarding. Intended for the public and the homeopathic profession, this edition should also be of use to scholars interested in the nature, filiation and social and cultural significance of Hahnemann's ideas in their own time. The publishers have assisted by offering the book at a relatively homeopathic price.

The Light Fantastic, by Peter Mason (248pp. Pelican Books, £2.95, 0 14 022449 9) gives an account of the process by which the discoveries associated with light, light waves and the lens led to the industrial and domestic inventions of such things as spectacles, X-rays, cameras, electric lighting, lasers and television. Each chapter is devoted to a particular addition of scientific principle such as the link between the installation of electric light and the discovery of radio and television.

Drowning in the shallows

Michael Tanner

BRYAN MAGEE

The Philosophy of Schopenhauer
400pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£17.50.
0 19 824673 0

During the past twenty years there has been a trickle of interest in Anglo-American philosophical circles in Schopenhauer, inspired (if that's the word) by two not wholly convergent concerns: first, the feeling that he might turn out to be a culpably neglected major philosopher; second, the fact that at an early stage of his development Wittgenstein was more interested in him than in any other philosopher. In 1963 Patrick Gardiner produced his Penguin book on Schopenhauer, a characteristic example of the way that it was felt, at that time and place, that the history of philosophy before this century should be pursued. Schopenhauer's most spectacular metaphysical, ethical and aesthetic views were regarded as excessive statements of insights that in a more modest, not to say trite form might prove to be acceptable; and not only acceptable, but prescriptive of some of Wittgenstein's later views. The question of influence was not considered, no doubt largely because Wittgenstein's interest in and admiration for Schopenhauer had, by the time he came to work on his later philosophy, wholly evaporated. The impact of Gardiner's book is dispiriting: Schopenhauer is taken out, dusted, and may as well be put back.

Indeed, for a considerable period he was. Not until 1980 did he receive further full-length treatment. In the dutiful Arguments of the Philosophers series, David Hamlyn, writing in admirable prose, gave most attention to the least rewarding parts of Schopenhauer's system, and very little to his ethical, and especially his aesthetic, views. The concluding sentence of Hamlyn's book, "A great mind indeed" comes with comic inconsequence after everything that precedes it. Shortly after Hamlyn, Michael Fox edited *Schopenhauer: His Philosophical Achievement*, an odd assortment of bits of books published over the last fifty years, together with a few specially commissioned articles. Once again, the total effect was glum, and not in the way the great pessimist would have wished. Significantly, the most enthusiastic piece in it is a truncated version of Thomas Mann's essay which can be found in full in *Essays of Three Decades*. As always, it is a creative artist who finds most stimulus in the leading pessimist of modern Western thought.

Now comes Bryan Magee's full-scale treatment of Schopenhauer, to whom the author is more indebted, "for the insights I have gained through his philosophy than words can express" (p243). This statement, rather like Hamlyn's, sounds odd coming at the end of a chapter which aims some devastating but also obvious criticisms at most of Schopenhauer's distinctive doctrines. However, it is by no means the most problematic feature of Magee's book. Take first the tone: it is one of solemn, didactic, humourless banality. Frequently one feels one is being lectured to by a headmaster anxious about one's intellectual and spiritual welfare. Schopenhauer's apparent allegory to be primarily "asceticism" is supposed to be able to help one to live more adequately. Yet his ethical doctrines, briefly considered, are found to be gravely wanting. The "concerned" tone of the book manifests itself chiefly in two ways. There are many passages of exhortation to philosophers to take their subjects seriously, especially those "many brilliant people, in universities and elsewhere, who produce little or nothing that is of lasting value" in spite of their "high IQ, remarkable powers of reasoning, and a genuine devotion to their work" (p6). So preoccupied is Magee by this "concern" that his philosophical arguments often have to be interrupted by the phrase "how important, how serious, how grave is what the author's deep involvement with the subject in the book's recurrent theme is" (p10). Magee's concern with many

distinguished figures who have failed to grasp his points. "Once, in Karl Popper's living-room, I asked him (p79) or giving the tone more completely (p314).

I once asked [Ryle] if he realized he had been unequivocally anticipated... by Schopenhauer. I do not think I have ever known a man whose word I would more confidently trust. On the other hand he did once say to me that the frame of mind in which he had written *The Concept of Mind* was a strange one, and not at all normal to him. Even as he said it there was a note of surprise at himself in his voice. It suggested to me that a good deal of the book derived from sources and drives in his mind that were normally unconscious to him. (For the matter of that, I believe this to be true of most creative work, especially if it has the animal vitality and drive that Ryle's had).

Other readers may have a higher tolerance for this combination of the chatty and the portentous, emerging as platitudes, than I can muster.

But to the philosophical substance of Magee's book. Schopenhauer's pessimism (though in fact it is compromised at every turn - a point Magee doesn't make) is so much the most pronounced feature of his reputation, and so much stressed by him himself, that one expects major treatment of it. Early on Magee explains why he will disappoint that expectation: "[I] is an elementary point in logic that no truth claim can entail a value-judgement. If a valid argument has a value-judgement anywhere in its conclusions this can only mean that the same value-judgement was already to be found somewhere in the premises: you cannot derive an 'is bad' from an 'is'. No general philosophy - no ontology, epistemology or logic - can entail pessimistic conclusions" (p13). This is so innocent as almost to disarm criticism. Magee seems to be totally unaware here, as in most places elsewhere, of what has been going on in philosophy since the early 1950s, in spite of his *Men of Ideas* series; very often cited in his book. But to assert now, in an unexplicated way, the simple undeniability of "value-judgements" from factual statements is to reduce one's philosophical credibility to zero. "Professional philosophers" are berated by Magee for failing to realize what is so apparent to him, but it is certainly not apparent to Schopenhauer, who unquestionably thought that his account of the World as Will, in conjunction with his account of the nature of willing, led ineluctably to pessimistic conclusions. So it isn't as if commentators have misinterpreted Schopenhauer... they have merely followed his example.

Magee identifies as "the metaphysical impulse" a "sense of astonishment that anything exists at all" (p10). Why is there something rather than nothing? That there should be anything is not, to use an Irishman, what one would have expected. Nothing is what one would have expected. Again Magee doesn't expand the claim; one is merely threatened with being shallow if one doesn't suffer from this senseless wonderment. Needless to say, having identified the metaphysical impulse, there is nothing to Magee's book to satisfy it - at all, of course, there couldn't be. He simply joins a long line of philosophers in coming to an end without the end being explained. As while he feels, he explains, that the "metaphysical impulse" is to "discuss Schopenhauer's ontology and epistemology at length, while giving only the most perfunctory treatment to the pessimism, Magee's attitude to pessimism is of the 'come now, life isn't as bad as all that' variety. He thinks that here Schopenhauer's personality disorder (historically the contents of his philosophy) (p241). Perhaps so, but the "disorder" is pervasive, and can scarcely be countered by merely saying that it is a "typical of human beings" to "find the world a somewhat 'neutral' or 'indifferent' place, even if that is true. Nor does the 'disorder' of Schopenhauer's notorious claim that

pleasure is nothing more than the temporary cessation of pain, and that boredom is a pervasive terror of mankind, deal adequately with a view which, though certainly false and probably absurd, is too deeply embedded in his philosophy, as well as relating him in a most interesting way to Spinoza, to be simply dismissed with a couple of counter-examples. To treat Schopenhauer so is to regard him as shallow. I am inclined to think that he is shallow, but Magee, finding him very deep, is under an obligation to do something more than gesture towards psychopathology.

The most sustained philosophical enterprise Magee undertakes is a defence of transcendental Idealism. Kant invented it, but Schopenhauer - and this is one of the book's most striking claims - improved on him. It is an extraordinarily difficult view to get to grips with, of course, and Magee has "to confess that it took me years of wrestling with it before I came anywhere near to grasping its essentials" (p83). Alas, further years are required. Magee first states the doctrine after giving a brief and often hideously inaccurate account of philosophy from Descartes to Hume. In his first formulation of it, on page 67, it appears to be a straightforward view, though one which gives rise to many problems. Magee is anxious to allay any worries about transcendental Idealism's denying "empirical reality" (p68). He is attempting to explain how it doesn't. He is driven to helpless tautology: "The realist has somehow got it into his head that experience is being denied when, on the contrary, it is being insisted upon. Experience is experience: it is not something else" (p84). It would be a strange person indeed, realist or not, who disagreed with that. However, transcendental Idealism is also alleged, as by its founder, to solve the enigmas of space, time and causality. How it does - how our contributing these categories (supposing that we do) gets rid of such problems as either the infinity or finitude of space, or the compatibility of freedom with universal causality, present - is never explained at all. Worse follows: the philosophical thesis of Idealism is claimed to receive endorsement from the physiological discoveries of modern science, and Schopenhauer is congratulated for having effected this marriage (p108). At the level of elementary confusion, no serious attempt of sorting out or correction is possible.

Having embraced transcendental Idealism, Magee confronts the question of the nature of the noumenon, that of which there can by definition be no experience and to which no concepts can be applied. He seems to think that this gives him licence to characterize it as he pleases. Having quoted Schopenhauer writing in his *nuncupus opus* that "for the present we must rest content not to understand the thing-in-itself, for it can be made intelligible only by the following hook", Magee adds a footnote: "This remark applies to my book too" (p34). Much later, when he is dealing with Schopenhauer's influence on Richard Wagner, he tells us that "Lohengrin's true home is in some noumenal otherworld" (p345), despite the fact that in the opera the hero arrives from his true home in a boat, and informs the assembled company that the name of his "noumenal otherworld" is Monsalut, where there is a community of Knights of the Grail, etc. This is in spite of what Magee has said on page 310 that "after all it is almost impossible to say anything about the noumenon". Earlier on Schopenhauer is praised for locating it correctly in the Will, though he is also reprimanded - not, one might feel, with adequate severity - for using that term in three senses, in the third and most important of which Magee says that it means simply "energy". Once that modification has been affected, Schopenhauer can be hailed as the precursor of twentieth-century physics, as well as of Freud (since the Will can also be taken to be the Unconscious, in the psychoanalytic sense), and of Darwin; indeed, Magee confesses to an "active sense of loss" (p18) when he contemplates Schopenhauer's dying before he had a chance to read *The Origin of Species*.

If one says that by the standards of professional philosophy Magee's book can't be taken seriously, he would no doubt reply that he, like Schopenhauer, is contemptuous of professional philosophers, though he evidently spends a good deal of time hobnobbing with them. In any case, whatever his envisaged audience, he has a duty to it, in presenting and thinking through doctrines as difficult and contentious as transcendental Idealism, which can't be avoided by claiming that "in practice most people professionally concerned with philosophy grossly exaggerate the importance of arguments" (p39). It may well be the case that the great philosophers are remembered primarily for their views, rather than for the usually very bad arguments by which they managed to support them. But that doesn't mean that arguments don't matter in philosophy at all. Much - rather that it is regrettable that the standard of argumentation has often been so poor.

The last 150 pages of the book are devoted to eight appendices, largely concerned with Schopenhauer's influence on subsequent thinkers and

erotic artists, but also with his relationship to Buddhism and to a conjecture about his beginning and ending his post-pubescent life with strong homosexual inclinations, which he viewed with horror (it is conjectured), though their presence is fully explicable in terms of some of the more bizarre pseudo-empirical assertions. The major philosophical influence is of course on Wittgenstein himself, whose remark that "where real depth starts, Schopenhauer comes to an end" is quoted but not taken as seriously as it deserves to be. And although Magee is always eager to provide supporting references for his views, the one genuinely profound piece that has been written on this topic - A. Phillips Griffiths' "Wittgenstein, Schopenhauer, and Ethics" (to be found in *Understanding Wittgenstein*, edited by G. N. A. Vesey) is not mentioned.

The chief artistic influence, on Wagner, is discussed at great length but confusedly. At one point Thomas is said to be an arch-Schopenhauerian work, because it embodies a "metaphysics of sexual love" though actually Wagner's claim to "transcend" and in some details even to correct Schopenhauer's system by presiding over sexual love (Letter to Mathilde Wesendonck/December 1, 1858) has been accurately characterized by Erich Heller as "one of the most revealing jokes in the history of ideas", amounting, as it does, to a complete reversal of Schopenhauer's views on the subject. Later on, Magee more plausibly sets the central melvian of knowledge through compassion, as the figure of Parsifal, as Wagner's greatest tribute to the thinker he venerated above all others, largely because of the crucial place allotted to music in Schopenhauer's philosophy. Magee's account of Schopenhauer's influence on Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and so on, even on one "conjecture", but many who care? - on Dostoevsky, is much sketchier, and flawed by serious inaccuracies. The most interesting question that can be asked about Schopenhauer, namely why he has had so little impact on philosophers and so much on creative artists, none of them of the highest intellectual calibre, is not broached.

After a series of progressively worse books on Schopenhauer, do we need a good one? I'm doubtful - doubtful that he is a figure from whom we can learn much. Why he is, at all, is unsatisfactory in philosophy and yet so attractive to so many non-philosophers can be found expressed with the greatest insight and brilliance in the chapter "Pessimism and Sentimentality" in Heller's book, *The Irony of German Short and Wonderful*. It is enough.

As producer of *Z Cars*, then head of serials, and from 1969 to 1981 of BBC television drama, Shaun Sutton might be thought well placed to write *The Largest Theatre in the World*, which purports to offer an anatomy of broadcast drama in all its forms.

There seems nothing untoward in the flourish of truisms with which he opens his first chapter, authors often need to clear their throats before getting down to business. But the throat-clearing continues it becomes clear that this will not be quite the book premised by its cover. The tone is strange, a mixture of pep-talk and after-dinner speech, with cautionary tales about the Bad Director and anecdotes about the primitive early days of television drama.

The third chapter brings the first real due to the author's purpose, as he recalls his old boss Sydney Newman. He pays tribute to Newman's uniquely galvanizing effect (who play for Today series is one of his legacies) but, Sutton's prime interest is personal. Sydney was brusque, and sardonic and straightforward - a determined enemy of cant. His language was unadorned, and I enjoyed being loyal to him. Sydney's writers were: of course, "young, and establishment, left-wing, people who played were 'disrupting' and 'haunting' feeding one's sympathy and indignation". Then comes a quick history lesson. "There had been precedents for this type of play in the theatre. Ibsen's plays shocked his generation with their frankness. Shaw, in exquisite phrases

The book takes the ostensible form of a step-by-step account of the production process, but the author digresses into his favourite people and prejudices on almost every page. We meet his four successive heads of drama: Gerald Savory - splendidly idealistic, witty, anti-compassion. We meet his overdeveloped sense of the

Restoration drama

David Coward

KEVIN BROWNLOW

Napoleon: Abel Gance's Classic Film
310pp. Cape. £10.95.
0 224 02022 6

Chamfort once judged a two-line epigram by saying that it was well turned, and then added: "mais l'ya des longueurs". Abel Gance's film *Napoleon* was a thirty-two reeler and it is quite possible to sit through it and emerge with an impression of length without breath or depth. But, as Kevin Brownlow reveals, our reaction will depend on which *Napoleon* we see. For unlike the First Republic which it celebrates, it is not one and indivisible but many and much mangled.

At its first showing at the Paris Opéra on April 7, 1927, it was cut by about half and the full version with triple screen was never shown. Cinemas were not equipped to project it and the distributor, Gaumont-Metro-Goldwyn, chose instead to promote the imported *Ben Hur* in which it had a greater financial stake. Subsequent showings of various truncated versions in Europe and the United States neither pleased the public nor recouped more than a fraction of the costs. In 1934, Gance added a sound-track to another abridgement. In 1955, another *Napoleon*, with synchronized triptychs, was screened at Studio 28, where it impressed Truffaut, Lolouch and the emerging New Wave. For *Bonaparte and the Revolution* (1970), Gance reworked both silent and sound versions and shot

new scenes. Meanwhile, whole reels went permanently missing, collectors stumbled across "theme-projection" extracts, second-camera footage and cut-takes, and a 17.5mm print of seventeen reels turned up in Bradford. It was not until 1973 that the Brownlow reconstruction was shown and since then it has been screened with orchestral scores by Carl Davis and Carmine Coppola and with a piano accompaniment by Andrew Uddell. In 1982, the addition of twenty-three minutes brought the running time to five hours thirteen minutes - still an hour shorter than the version definitive but long enough to do it near-justice.

The entombment of *Napoleon* cannot be attributed solely to the commercialism of the money-men. Gance was driven by a "self-righteous idealism" - the phrase is Brownlow's - which led to the kind of extravagance which only the better-off Pharisees have ever seriously entertained. Clinging to a Romantic view of the artist-as-Baudelairean-albatross, he amate the Philistines and spent 17 million francs of their money. He used locations in the Alps, Corsica and Toulon, 150 sets, 200 technicians, 8,000 costumes, 4,000 rifles and sixty cannons. To keep the money coming, he signed contracts which, when deadlines passed and budgets were wrecked, eventually lost him control of his creation.

Gance had a personality to match his vision. Film-makers like Volkoff and Teurjensky, who had learned rapid-cutting from *La Route* (1923), eagerly agreed to work as his assistants, and even Jean Epstein and Germaine Dulac lent a hand. Even so, it was with great difficulty that Gance found

his passion for *Napoleon* is boundless, though he is critical of Gance's later output (*Austerlitz* (1960) is like "movie day at Mme Tassard's") and he barely found Gance the flesh difficult and tricky. He writhes at his envy of academics who have the luxury of working on safely dead authors. But he is much more hurt by the fate of his reconstructions. Having now grossed 7.5 million dollars, *Napoleon* is no

ridiculous. "To those who don't know him, Chris [Morahan] is a stern figure. He is the highest standards of drama (and conduct)." Jimmy (Celine Jones) is Welsh, ebullient, mercurial, courageous... without an ounce of deference for 'grov' establishments. The fourth, a younger chap called Keith, also turns out to be 'mercenary' but the now increasingly patriarchal Sutton has to speak sternly to him for worrying too much about his work. Every so often Sutton produces a little roll of honour, and the surprise here lies in the emulations: Alan Bennett, Jack Gold and Stephen Frears head a distinguished list of absentees.

One might have thought that in one of his digressions into the thorny area of censorship, Sutton would have

been taught on the *Seld Geometry* affair, since he himself played a key part in that attempted emasculation of Ian McEwan's play. He might also have referred to *Brinsford and Trade*, since Denis Potter is one of his anti-establishment heroes; and there is no mention of *Swan*, another play which he did not show. But so, this is to be a happy, tasteful, triumphant book, unmarred by retrospective doubt. "I have no liking for meaty-meat pedantic" he barks, after brushing aside the debates of the guardians of the public morality. "Let dramatists be bold and call a spade a spade. But the point can usually be made without calling it a four-letter word."

It is impossible to do justice, by selective quotation, to the full ineptitude of the writing: the ineptitude Sutton could have told us sacrificed to a numbing blend of pomposity and garrulousness. He gives the curious impression of a man too busy to go into detail about individual productions; one of his favourite devices is to add a paragraph with a breezily disarming "Or something like that". His discussions of theory are delivered so crudely as to set the reader's teeth on edge: this contempt for ideas, typical of many broadcast writers, is one reason for their Marxist critics' inattention.

Mr Sutton is a successful and popular producer. How much does it matter if he writes a terrible book? Not a great deal, perhaps, but his publication raises another question. Should the BBC, maintained by contributions from the public, provide its top employees with the services of a vet's press?



A still from Werner Herzog's *The Little Kingdom* (1970). The photograph is taken from *The Altering Eye* by Robert Phillip Kolker (428pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback £6.95. 0 19 503302 7).

longer just a great film: it is a property to be squabbled over. Cinema may be an art or it may be an industry, but it is often a sorry business.

This account of the making and restoration of *Napoleon* makes fascinating reading, though it is not the whole story. "It was quite apparent to me", writes the author, that from the onset, *Napoleon* was a film of exceptional importance. Historically and technically, this is undeniable. The split screen, the triptychs, the rapid intercutting, the subjective eye of cameras mounted on sledges, horses, wires and pendulums create a marvellous and exhilarating spectacle. But by concentrating on the visual, Brownlow underplays Gance's vision. At the film's centre is an abstraction - a grandiose notion of historical and cosmic destiny - which demands admiration rather than understanding. Gance tried to humanize his epic. The Brénne sequences convey a vivid sense of the solitude of the boy born to lead, and the *Triquetra*, *Plouffe* and *Volaine* sub-plots are clearly designed to relieve the grandeur. But neither the rhetorical concept of the Napoleonic myth nor his guilt of the hero have travelled particularly well. He admired Nietzsche and Hegel's *World Historical Man* who rises above the

human condition. Then, perhaps not wishing to keep the reader meditating too long, Jerry will go for action: "I called the so-called 'epic'." But if the style is a little jumpy, the story is as calming as only reheated Hollywood dramas can be. Jerry did not often see his father, who was one half of a touring double act (he had started by singing to queues of children in hospital waiting for vaccinations). Jerry was always entranced by show business, collecting a great variety of records (including "The Sow Song" by Cyril Smith, which he describes as "haunting, whistling sounds of the farm and barnyard"). His career as a comedian moved rapidly. By the age of sixteen, he was earning \$150 a week. Aged nineteen, he married a Catholic girl. "What'd I raise you for?" asked his mother. "To run off with a Catholic? Shame on you." As he was proposing to his future wife, a passing tramp thrust a grubby ring into his hand. "But once on it, suddenly looked shiny new and beautiful." He met Dean Martin - real name, Paul Dino Crocetti - in a bar. One night, on a aggressive club-owner, he made a double act. Sure enough, they knocked them dead, they went a bomb, they had a bomb screaming for more, they won't be allowed off the stage, Dean became the big brother Jerry never had, and together they achieved instant success, playing the Palladium, having a playhouse named after them, and conquering Hollywood. Along the way there was, of course, a crooked manager, one Abby Greshner, but they soon rumbled him.

But elowina have baartochee too. Dean went through a divorce ("the only thing that failed here was human nature, the incapacity of most people to truly understand themselves. And if you don't believe that, then you haven't studied philosophy"). Jerry's parents felt he was ignoring them. And then Dean suddenly "seemed like a stranger". As the under-appreciated straight man, Dean had become jealous. Inevitably, the split came ("I think said, 'I love you' and Jerry said, 'I love you'"). But he possessed those three things which he claims separate the men from the boys - "an instinct for mass appeal, creativity and incredible luck" - and within seconds he became "one of the few stars whose name spell 'Guaranteed Bucks'". He counted among his friends Jack Kennedy and Frank Sinatra ("he always extended himself generously, trying to make things a little better in this world by word and action. That's the manner of man Frank is..."). He did an awful lot for charity - full receipts are included in the book - and brought sunshine into the bones of millions.

But in the late 1960s, old-fashioned notions of entertainment went out of the window, and Jerry became known as a difficult person. "There's no place in the corporate structure for a man with convulsions, who happens to be ruthlessly honest", he explains. In the 1970s, he became addicted to the drug Percodan, but he is over that now, and has recently been in movie with a new generation, who show "a high respect for my talent as an actor and a filmmaker". Sadly, his marriage has ended in divorce, but he is encountering new magic: "Her name is Sam (short for Sandee) - a lovely, warm, sensitive, caring, loving human being."

human and attains spiritual or artistic transcendence. He detected similar destinies in Beethoven, Cyrano and Columbus. His attraction to philosophy and the Universal Republic - Napoleon was "in the great line of idealistic Republicans of whom Christ was the first" - created unsolved problems of scale in his film, which is neither good history nor good drama but a glorious pageant.

Gance turned film into a visual language, but his world-view was nineteenth-century - as was his taste (shared by the serious Chaplin) for melodrama and linear psychology. A late Romantic with an intuitive sense of twentieth-century technology, he did not seek to entertain or to instruct but to elevate. He was the last of the cathedral builders.

But such questions of interpretation should not be allowed to detract from Brownlow's quite remarkable achievements. His restoration of *Napoleon* has at last enabled us to judge for ourselves and his book is an absorbing contribution to cinema history. Will the money-men ever release some of what they have made for rescuing other silent classics? I am inclined to doubt it. If they ever do, they should knock first on Kevin Brownlow's door.

Dreams and smoke

Craig Brown

JERRY LEWIS AND HERB GLUCK

Jerry Lewis in Person
310pp. Robson. £7.95.
0 86051 176 6

When Jerry Lewis was born, a shaft of sunlight "brighter than burnished gold" swept through the hospital window. When he was five years old, his grandmother turned to his mother and said, "Listen, Rachel - your son will not only be just an actor, but a great actor. And besides, he's got a lot of friends. 'Tup only when he's got a lot of friends, but I know what I got. I have talent, and sooner or later I'm gonna be a star, no matter what you or anyone else thinks." Aged twenty-two, he owned two Cadillac and a Jaguar, one hundred \$250 suits, 135 cardigans and more pairs of slacks than he could count. Now, at the age of fifty-seven, Jerry Lewis, who was born Joseph Levitch, has written his autobiography with the aid of one Herb Gluck, who was most likely born Herb Gluck.

Jerry Lewis in Person does not lie in the general run of ghost-written Hollywood biographies. Mr Gluck has attempted - quite successfully - to reproduce Jerry's speech patterns and delivery. This does not make it the sort of book you can read with only half an eye open: it is like being pinched by a child who is demanding your attention. "Kidda comy, but nice" is the sort of sentence which crops up frequently, and this will be followed by some bemused philosophy: "Dreams and smoke. The

human condition." Then, perhaps not wishing to keep the reader meditating too long, Jerry will go for action: "I called the so-called 'epic'." But if the style is a little jumpy, the story is as calming as only reheated Hollywood dramas can be. Jerry did not often see his father, who was one half of a touring double act (he had started by singing to queues of children in hospital waiting for vaccinations). Jerry was always entranced by show business, collecting a great variety of records (including "The Sow Song" by Cyril Smith, which he describes as "haunting, whistling sounds of the farm and barnyard"). His career as a comedian moved rapidly. By the age of sixteen, he was earning \$150 a week. Aged nineteen, he married a Catholic girl. "What'd I raise you for?" asked his mother. "To run off with a Catholic? Shame on you." As he was proposing to his future wife, a passing tramp thrust a grubby ring into his hand. "But once on it, suddenly looked shiny new and beautiful." He met Dean Martin - real name, Paul Dino Crocetti - in a bar. One night, on a aggressive club-owner, he made a double act. Sure enough, they knocked them dead, they went a bomb, they had a bomb screaming for more, they won't be allowed off the stage, Dean became the big brother Jerry never had, and together they achieved instant success, playing the Palladium, having a playhouse named after them, and conquering Hollywood. Along the way there was, of course, a crooked manager, one Abby Greshner, but they soon rumbled him.

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The fine and the beneficial

Michael Woods

PLATO
Hippias Major
Translated with Commentary and Essay by Paul Woodruff
211pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £12.50.
0 631 13091 8

The fifth-century sophist Hippias has given his name to two short Platonic dialogues. The longer of these, the *Hippias Major*, was once generally held not to be by Plato; Paul Woodruff, in his volume, reviews the arguments for its spuriousness, and convincingly shows them to be inconclusive. It follows, the majority of modern scholars in cautiously accepting the dialogue as genuine.

In this volume, besides a new translation and commentary, there is an extended essay on a range of topics, including the characterization of Hippias, and the character of the intellectual milieu. Woodruff places the *Hippias Major* at a transitional stage in Plato's thought, after such dialogues as the *Euthyphro* or *Laches*, but probably earlier than the *Phaedo*. The translation attempts, largely successfully, to combine the degree of closeness to the original that a

contemporary philosopher without Greek will demand with a rendering into colloquial American English. The topic of the dialogue is the fine - Woodruff's sensible rendering of *kelon*.

This book is intended partly for readers coming to the dialogue with little knowledge of Plato. Some of these readers may find some of the analysis of the argument hard to follow. In particular, the argument of 296-7, against the definition of the fine as the beneficial, is given a novel, admittedly speculative, interpretation, which makes it a valid argument from the philosophical point of view, but which is not a novel argument. The proposed definition is so evidently unacceptable conclusion. This might usefully have been presented as a thought experiment.

There is an account of the Theory of Forms, and a discussion of the nature of ontological commitment that may be discerned in Socrates' arguments in the dialogue. Woodruff's view of Woodruff's conclusions on this last point might wish that the book had contained a more detailed and systematic comparison of the position taken in the *Hippias Major* about the relation between the fine and the good, and the relation between the good and the beneficial, and that taken in other relevant dialogues. Also, the argument is needed that "Socrates does not object in the *Cratylus* anywhere to the principles he does not, apparently, believe in. In the freedom of speech, general, in this volume is a useful addition to Platonic studies.

Producers' playtime

Michael Church

SHAUN SUTTON

The Largest Theatre in the World:
Thirty Years of Television Drama
160pp. BBC Publications. £10.95.
0 563 20011 1

As producer of *Z Cars*, then head of serials, and from 1969 to 1981 of BBC television drama, Shaun Sutton might be thought well placed to write *The Largest Theatre in the World*, which purports to offer an anatomy of broadcast drama in all its forms.

There seems nothing untoward in the flourish of truisms with which he opens his first chapter, authors often need to clear their throats before getting down to business. But the throat-clearing continues it becomes clear that this will not be quite the book premised by its cover. The tone is strange, a mixture of pep-talk and after-dinner speech, with cautionary tales about the Bad Director and anecdotes about the primitive early days of television drama.

The third chapter brings the first real due to the author's purpose, as he recalls his old boss Sydney Newman. He pays tribute to Newman's uniquely galvanizing effect (who play for Today series is one of his legacies) but, Sutton's prime interest is personal. Sydney was brusque, and sardonic and straightforward - a determined enemy of cant. His language was unadorned, and I enjoyed being loyal to him. Sydney's writers were: of course, "young, and establishment, left-wing, people who played were 'disrupting' and 'haunting' feeding one's sympathy and indignation". Then comes a quick history lesson. "There had been precedents for this type of play in the theatre. Ibsen's plays shocked his generation with their frankness. Shaw, in exquisite phrases

The book takes the ostensible form of a step-by-step account of the production process, but the author digresses into his favourite people and prejudices on almost every page. We meet his four successive heads of drama: Gerald Savory - splendidly idealistic, witty, anti-compassion. We meet his overdeveloped sense of the

commentary

Obsessives and iconoclasts

Richard Calvocoressi

Vienna 1900
National Museum of Antiquities of
Scotland, Edinburgh, until
September 25.

There has been no substantial display of early twentieth-century Viennese art and design in Britain since the Vienna Secession exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1971, although a few commercial galleries in London have ensured that the works of Klimt, Schiele, Kokoschka, Hoffmann and Moser do not slip entirely from view. Much has happened, however, in the intervening twelve years. English and German periodicals have published the results of extensive research into the period and there have been monographs on nearly all its chief figures, as well as a handful of more general surveys. (In the realm of ideas, this growth of art-historical scholarship has been echoed by a steady re-evaluation of the work of Kraus, Wittgenstein and Freud.) The National Gallery has bought a portrait by Klimt, and the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a splendid group of furniture, metalwork and ceramics produced by the Wiener Werkstätte, the Modernist design workshops established in Vienna in 1903. The range and significance of this collection can be judged by the fact that the museum has lost no less than seventeen objects to Vienna 1900, not counting prints, drawings, books, and work by Ashbee and Mackintosh, the spiritual fathers of the WW. Pride of place has gone to a pendant lamp by Kolo Moser, its hundreds of sparkling glass droplets evoking the chain-mail on a Saracen helmet. This exotic work was painstakingly pieced together especially for the exhibition by the conservation staff at the National Museum of Antiquities, and so cannot have been shown in this country before. The best WW objects are characterized by scrupulous attention to detail, the use of precious or semi-precious materials, and a preference for clean sharp lines: Hoffmann's rectilinear furniture, cutlery and tableware are particularly slim and elegant in this respect. On the whole, though, the WW was not interested in mass production and was patronized mainly by wealthy clients. Mackintosh advised Hoffmann that "every object that leaves your hand must carry an outspoken mark of individuality, beauty and most exact execution".

As far as I am aware, this is the first historical exhibition to show Scottish and Viennese art, both "fine" and "applied" (one of the aims of the WW was to eradicate such distinctions), side by side. The Glasgow-Vienna connection was a very significant one. Paintings by the group known as the "Glasgow Boys" were included in the fourth Secession exhibition, in 1899, while at the eighth exhibition the following year an austere interior designed by Mackintosh created a profound impression on his Viennese admirers. It led to a commission from the young banker Fritz Waerdyner for the WW's financial backer. An ambitious restoration of Mackintosh's Room X, as it was called, employing a mixture of original furniture, similar pieces of the same date and modern reproductions can be seen at the Fine Art Society's Edinburgh Gallery in Great King Street (until September 25). Mackintosh and his wife, who contributed to his somewhat depressive view of the world, were both invited to Vienna at the time of the exhibition. The influence was not, however, entirely one-directional. It can be seen from some of Mackintosh's later designs, which are outside the scope of Vienna 1900.

Someone who believed passionately that the distinction between art and craft should be preserved, and who therefore attracted the WW for its traditional approach to design, especially when it entered the field of women's clothes, was Adolf Loos, architect and art-collector, and a key figure of

the period; he was friendly with Kraus, who once drew a parallel between their respective crusades against the corruption of language and building (in Loos's case this extended to those aspects of domestic living which he considered outmoded or restrictive); and also with Wittgenstein, to whom Loos is supposed to have remarked "You are me!" Loos's iconoclasm is not an easy thing to convey in an exhibition, even a predominantly didactic one such as this, but Vienna 1900 offers a memorable glimpse of this son of a monumental mason from Brunn, who loved to dress with the discreet good taste of an English gentleman. Three drawings for the unadorned facade of his most controversial public building, the Haus am Michaelerplatz of 1910, are shown alongside some extremely rare examples of Loos's plain, anonymous-looking furniture – unlike Hoffmann, he usually let his clients choose their own. A copy of Loos's short-lived magazine *Das Andere*, (ironically subtitled "A Newspaper to Introduce Western Culture into Austria") which he wrote himself, is displayed not far from two issues of Kraus's much longer-running *Die Fackel*, to which it is sometimes compared.

Loos played a crucial role in the young Kokoschka's career, and the exhibition (which in the case of Klimt is a little short on major works) has succeeded in borrowing Kokoschka's magnificent portrait of his first patron from the Nationalgalerie in Berlin. Painted in 1909, Loos's withdrawn expression already carries a hint of the deafness which was to isolate him even further from his contemporaries. Through his connection with Loos Kokoschka painted or drew many of the leading artistic and literary figures of the Viennese avant-garde – portraits which, on account of their psychological intensity, have come to be regarded as masterpieces of Expressionism. In 1910 Kokoschka left for Berlin, where his drawings were published in Herwarth Walden's *Der Sturm*, a magazine financed by Kraus in return for Walden's distribution of *Die Fackel* in Berlin. With the exception of Schiele, who was left alone to practise his own violent, erotic distortions of the human body until his death from Spanish influenza in 1918, Vienna was over really a centre for pictorial Expressionism. This situation was reinforced in the 1920s, when artists like Arnulf Rainer and Günter Brus returned to some of the concerns of Schiele and Freud and produced neurotic images of fierce emotional

impact. With a little more imagination the Scottish Arts Council might have given us the chance to view some of their work.

Vienna 1900 makes out a strong case for Schoenberg as a painter, although he had closer affinities with Munich and the more mystical Expressionism of the Blaue Reiter. Schoenberg's set designs for *Erwartung* (1909), shown in the final section of the exhibition devoted to music and opera, have a strange visionary quality reminiscent of some of Strindberg's pictures. As Peter Vergo points out in the catalogue, crossing the frontiers between one art form and another was a distinguishing feature of Expressionism, always more a question of instinct or impulse than a common, identifiable style: Schoenberg and Strindberg both pointed, Kokoschka wrote savage ritual dramas (one of which was performed in the Festival Fringe by students from Ichen College, Southampton).

In these pages a few years ago, Norman Stone wondered whether there wasn't "in Vienna 1900", a specifically Jewish theme which deserves a book of its own" (TLS, May 16, 1980). This theme has been touched on in the odd book – notably Frank Field, *The Last Days of Maimonides: Karl Kraus and his Vienna* (London, 1967); Wilma Iggers, *Karl Kraus: a Viennese Critic of the Twentieth Century* (The Hague, 1967); and William Johnston, *The Austrian Mind* (California, 1972) – but never in detail and not always accurately. In Edinburgh, Martin Esslin raised the subject in an absorbing lecture on "Literature and Theatre in Vienna", informing us that in 1890 a third of the students at Vienna University were Jewish. Those who saw the Haifa Municipal Theatre's historic production of *The Son of a Jew* (reviewed on p. 96) will recognize in the dilemma of his most tragic form, but it is also implicit in the work of intellectuals and artists of greater stature than Weininger. Many of their patrons were Jews, too, like the steel magnate Karl Wittgenstein, who supported Klimt and the Secession and in 1905 commissioned Hoffmann to design a drawing-room for his town house. After his death, Wittgenstein's son Ludwig decided to dispose of a large part of his inheritance. On Kraus's advice he wrote to Ludwig von Ficker, editor of the Innsbruck journal *Der Brenner* (and the subject of one of Kokoschka's early



Richard Gerstl's portrait of Arnold Schöenberger, from the exhibition reviewed here. It is reproduced in the catalogue, Vienna 1900: Vienna, Scotland and the European Avant-Garde (96pp, with 124 illustrations, 24 in colour. HMSO, £4.95: 0-11 492333-7), by Peter Vergo, with contributions by George Dalglish, Jane Kidd, Hugh Chappe and Elizabeth Wright.

portraits), to ask him if he would distribute the money among artists and writers as he thought fit, stipulating that the source of the gift should remain anonymous. Ficker later considered publishing the *Freemasons* and brought out two collections of Loos's essays, in 1930 and 1931. Loos was one of those to benefit from Wittgenstein's generosity in 1914, as were Kokoschka and Rilke (although none of them realized it).

I end with this story because Sir Alfred Ayer, lecturing in Edinburgh on "The Vienna Circle", suggested

that Wittgenstein gave all his money to his sister, who was rich enough for him to corrupt her – a nice story, and in character, but not strictly true. As is well known, Wittgenstein designed a house for her in the 1920s in collaboration with Paul Engelmann, who had been a pupil of Loos. In earlier days she had been painted by Klimt. One could go on making cross-references of this kind ad infinitum. Even though Vienna was a city of over two million people by 1914, almost as big as Berlin, the tradition of congregating in coffee-houses meant that everyone knew everyone else.

This exhibition demonstrates the exuberance and invention animating recent sculpture but does not fully promote it. Though it fills both the hump of blatant stunt, Richard Wentworth specializes in visual puns. In jokes that, as in his coupling of two browns in "The Marriage of Babar and Celeste", come out pat.

At Sarah Bradpole's request, the Queen Elizabeth Hall has been creolized with "Whisper pink" wash basin and surmounted with a phallic "Wash Station", an object lesson in social ritual. Or, as the catalogue admits, "a gigantic study in absurdity". This piece apart, there is little interest in social comment among the younger artists, most of whom look to distant cultures or the past for inspiration. Hilary Carlisle's wooden sculptures, crudely spliced and conjoined, bypass the British tradition in favour of African art. Stephen Cox quotes from the Italian Renaissance in his stone toad; and Richard Cole, sculptor of architectural fragments in sandstone, glued together with stone-poured resin which sustains their weathered look. Ironically, the multinational United Technologies Corporation has sponsored a show that breeds nostalgia for natural materials and junk. Bill Woodrow extemporizes with outdated technology, constructing a projector out of the sides of an old washing machine, rippling yards of film out of the plastic covering of the nearby dejected chair.

Memories, dreams, reflections

Richard Osborne

ALEXANDER ZEMLINSKY
Eine florentinische Tragödie und Der Göttergatte der Infanta (Der Zwerg)
King's Theatre, Edinburgh
Viennese music to Edinburgh

In 1921, Arnold Schoenberg wrote of the composer and conductor, Alexander Zemlinsky: "One thing is beyond doubt, in my opinion: I do not know one composer after Wagner who could satisfy the demands of the theatre with better musical substance than he. His ideas, his forms, his sonorities, and every turn of the music spring directly from the action, from the scenery, and from the singers' voices with a naturalness and distinction of supreme quality." It is a tribute which is difficult to fashion. Was it a sentimental whim, a timely act of encouragement to a colleague and former teacher? Or an act of capitulation? Or perhaps a cruel and disingenuous attempt to put down those post-Wagnerians – Puccini, Debussy, Strauss – who appear to have a prior claim on such a tribute? Or did Schoenberg really believe what he wrote? The more we hear Zemlinsky's music the more plausible this last suggestion comes to seem.

Like numerous composers of his own and other times, Zemlinsky (1871-1942) was destined by accident of birth to straddle a revolution which, for want of talent or courage, he endorsed in everything but his music. He was, as a teacher, conductor and composer, a brilliant assimilator of other men's styles. His First String Quartet, recently broadcast, is good enough to pass muster as Brahms's Fourth; his Second mimics work by his pupil, Schoenberg; his Third, which he played at a morning recital in Edinburgh's Queen's Hall by the Meistersingers of Stuttgart, edgily toys with fragmentary ideas, earnestly evoking a style which, left to its own devices, gravitates back towards the opus patterning and heroic gestures of Brahms.

Zemlinsky was, it seems, acutely conscious of his own lack of nerve in an egotistic society. In a letter to Alma Mahler he observed: "I lack that certain something which one must possess, today more than ever, to come to the fore." Read in the context of that remark, the climactic line of Oscar Wilde's dramatic fragment which is the basis of his *Eine florentinische Tragödie* are revealingly apt. "Why did you not tell me you were so strong?" murmurs the wife of the merchant aristocrat who has just strangled her infatuated lover. Just as Zemlinsky's *Der Zwerg* may seem to touch on lacking himself a cavalier when he really is a dwarf, so *Eine florentinische Tragödie* could be seen as enacting his own fantasy of a man whose new-found ruthlessness wins him self-esteem and the love of a powerful woman.

With Schoenberg and Alma Mahler as former pupils, and with Alma Mahler as a former lover, it is hardly surprising that Zemlinsky was inhibited. Seen as the discarded teacher, the honest proditor alongside the god Mahler and as the trail-blazing Schoenberg, he was sternly and justly chastised by the latter. He was, in fact, a man of the old, well-published artist and as Michael Sandle, Stephen Wilton and William Tucker, have prevented the inclusion of younger, lesser-known sculptors who have recently attracted attention at the Whitechapel Open. As to the sculpture park or the Riverside Studios. A more extensive review of young talent might have quelled the impression that the tendency is little more than a phase of the young's eccentricity. Significantly one of the exhibitors who best succeeds at what she sets out to do is Emma Park, whose rhythmic reliefs, made out of simple wooden blocks, like much else in this show, turn their back on the sixties infatuation with technology, whose formal integrity also earned her a place in Tucker's earlier survey.

That there is also an element of mendacity here is suggested by four adjacent photographs in the exhibition, taken in 1912, where Schoenberg – flat-footed, bland and bank managerial – is seen alongside Zemlinsky. Zemlinsky, no smaller than Schoenberg, is precociously aware of the camera, cockily addressing it with profile (a fine acquiescent nose, and Mahler spectacles), thrusting stance, and jutting chin. A reassurance that he means unprepossessing poseur beside his dour and rooted pupil.

Of the two one-act operas given in Edinburgh by the Hamburg State Opera, *Eine florentinische Tragödie* is the less satisfactory, the piece most obviously vitiated by that brutal, melodramatic quality which seems endemic in the music and art of the period. As to Kokoschka's blackest fantasies this is art plucked at a level fortissimo; strings swoon, crescendos heave and howl; only occasionally are things quiet or dryly disjunct in the emergent Schoenberg manner. Writers who noted Hamburg's updating of the sets from Wilde's Renaissance to Zemlinsky's Vienna, failed to note that Wilde's verse fragment has already been updated by Zemlinsky's music which deprives the drama of Wilde's urbanity, irony and picturesque sense of period. Stripped of these qualities and rendered not in limpid pre-Raphaelite English verse but in strong, visceral German – *Eine florentinische Tragödie* is for most of its length a coarse piece, closer to Puccini or Strauss in sadistic mood than to Mahler (the cited influence) whose orchestration is infinitely clearer, nowhere more so than when ancient dance rhythms are being metamorphosed into an Expressionist grimace. The husband's trade in cloth allows the stage to be strewn with exotic fabrics, golds and reds glimmering in the darkness, like the backdrop of an early Klimt; and, as in early Klimt, there is much looting and mauling by the lovers. Hamburg's production, a style which, left to its own devices, gravitates back towards the opus patterning and heroic gestures of Brahms.

Re-drafted to bring the text closer to Wilde's original story, Hamburg's *Blindes Spiel* is a revision of Zemlinsky's and Kären's original *Der Zwerg*. Certainly, it is a score which merits attention. The willing hare is altogether more various and transparent, apt to the clear light of Spain, to the brittle elegance of the court-cum-nursery, and to the chilly and capricious child heroine. Spanish settings and stylized fairy-tales abound in the music of Zemlinsky's immediate contemporaries – Puccini, Debussy, Falla, Ravel, Strauss and Stravinsky – and his Protean talent has made good use of their example. This does not explain, though, the skill and power with which Zemlinsky evokes the Dwarf, the Infanta's birthday present, until a mirror (potent Viennese symbol) tells him otherwise. 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into deep chasms troubled by roaring
streams;
Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight
sea:
In these my lonely wanderings I
perceived
What mighty objects do impress their
forms
To elevate our intellectual beings.

It is the sort of language one hears in
The Excursion as well as *The Prelude*,
and when it is used to portray "the
Pedlar" one thinks him a stand-in for
Wordsworth. Here it belongs to
Oswald without any trace of irony.
What is still more curious, Wordsworth
in his 1842 revision shaded the lines in a
manner calculated to bring them closer
to his own voice rather than set them
at a distance, by changing the final verb
from "build up" to "elevate".

In the prose sketch of Oswald, his
wickedness seemed to Wordsworth to
consist in disorienting the natural trust
of human nature by which good
sentiments are linked with good
actions. "Uneasiness must be driven
away by fresh uneasiness; obstinacy,
waywardness and wilful blindness are
alternative resorts to, till there is an
universal insurrection of every
dopprived feeling of the heart."

Wordsworth adds in a short note
written later that he was himself a
witness to this process during the
French Revolution. But his use of the
word "insurrection" is intriguing, and
suggests that he may have been more
than a witness. It is a near-synonym of
another word, "usurpation", which he
favoured in describing his own activity
as a poet. Usurpation implies the
disjuncting of cause and effect, or of
expectation and fulfilment, by which
the poet as surely as the man of action
recognizes that feelings have been
shifted. Its most celebrated use occurs
in the lines of *The Prelude* about
crossing the Alps: "in such strength / Of
usurpation, when the light of sense /
Goes out, but with a flash that has
revealed / The invisible world, doth
greatness make abode."

Here Wordsworth uses "greatness" instead
of Oswald's word, "power". When he
writes elsewhere of usurpation, often
in what seems an unambivalent sense,
he is still likely to be alluding to the
speech in *Julius Caesar* which begins
"Between the setting of a dreadful
thing / And the first motion," and
concludes: "who stirs of men, / Like to
a little kingdom, suffers then / The nature
of an insurrection." Poets, like
revolutionaries or bondi-Machis, are
expert in negotiating transitions of the
soul, and powerful in their mastery
of the logic of displacement. They do
not necessarily prefer to confine their
mastery to writing.

When Wordsworth went on to
sketch the self-portrait of a political
man, in Book XI of *The Prelude*, he
admitted his youthful enthusiasm for
"deriving 'the immediate law' from
"the clear light of circumstances", by
"borrowing the relevant lines from his
play. One expects to see something
made of the connection in Jonathan
Wordsworth's full-scale study of the
early Wordsworth, *The Borders of
Vision*, which covers the years 1798-
1805. But though he notes the source of
the lines, he does not pursue the
relationship; they suggest between
Oswald and Wordsworth. He remarks
a little strangely that the whole passage
in *The Prelude* is satirical. If so, it has
a detachment and an after refusal of
mockery not very common in nature.

The same passage is spoken by Oswald
was frightening rather than ludicrous,
and it is wrong to suppose that where
Godwin is concerned merely to expose
its to ridicule. After 1798, everything
Wordsworth wrote was directed to
some end, and the conversation of
Oswald was not held behind the scenes,
and that meant taking the beliefs seriously.
The Borders, however, perhaps tells
outside Jonathan Wordsworth's
period; and in general, the relation
between the sense of place and a steady
sympathy, and between placelessness
and an ungovernable fascination with
power, seems to hold no interest for
him. Even Wordsworth's concern with
geographical borders is ignored for the
most part, and "The Danish Boy".

"The Solitary Reaper" and other
poems in *The Borders of Vision* for Jonathan
Wordsworth's theme provoke nothing
beyond the comment that their
overhead voices are foreign, with an
obscure sense of "valued part, with an
obscure sense of why than did he choose
to call his book *The Borders of Vision*?"

The matter is never fully explained,
though the word "border" with its
compound derivatives "border towns",
"border vision" and so forth, is nipped

into paragraphs with noticeable
regularity, in an apparent effort to
conceal a meaning from the force of
incantation. A sentence from Jonathan
Wordsworth's preface offers a
different sort of help: his "contral view
of the Wordsworthian borderer seems
to recollect pages 201-202 of Geoffrey
Hartman's *Wordsworth's Poetry*.
Others who recollect Hartman's study
will be aware that an idea of the border
or boundary is one of its contributions
to the modern discussion of
Wordsworth, and that the idea is
employed well outside those two
pages. But Hartman used the word to
denote a particular group of boundary

he may be allowed to remain for ever in
peace on this side of the border" with
italics as given though the two sides are
not defined. (6) Of Wordsworth's
portrait of a defender of the *maison
régime*: "And so Wordsworth leaves
him, his social standing threatened and
personal confidence gone, fingering his
sword for reassurance as a child will
finger his penis. There is much of
Godwin's broken Falkland about him;
he is a sort of inverted borderer waiting
for news."

These are easier to classify than they
may at first appear. (11) is the only
instance of a border as one might come
to know it in the Border bulls: here

and throughout this book Jonathan
Wordsworth conducts a subdued but
uncompromising polemic, not only
against the 1850 *Prelude* in favour of
the 1805, but against the 1805 in favour
of the 1799. Now the 1805 poem is so
impressive and the 1799 draft so
comparatively short that this claim on
the face of it seems too implausible to
put forward in earnest. Nevertheless it
can be sustained under certain
conditions: if one is willing, for
example, to grant that the spot of time
concerning the boy's discovery of a
mouldering gibbet, where a murderer
once was hanged, gains nothing from
the 1805 passage linking the terror of

dream, recounted by a friend to the
credulity of Wordsworth himself
1850; just as Oswald's argument about
justice was admitted a few years later
as the poet's own; the interesting
about these changes is that
Wordsworth never disavows the fact
thought entirely. At any rate
interest in matters of power and
commandment did not stop in 1805.

The appearance of these two
longest volumes to date in a
Cornell edition and the longer in an
account of the career before 1805, a
be welcomed by students
romanticism, both for the text
print and the information they
about the ordering of the text.
Borders of Vision has been
produced by Oxford and
Borderers has been soberly
by Cornell. Yet together they
suggest that over the past few
something may have gone wrong
study of Wordsworth. The editors
the emergence of the concept of the
overvaluing of certain passages, in
Prelude above all, and a consequent
neglect of *The Excursion* and the
poetry generally. Because of
support, but also employed traditional
sources, which could be double-edged:
while they might be used to designate
a king as emperor in his own kingdom,
they also yielded arguments capable of
undermining that authority. For "if the
political community was what mat-
tered, the very principle that iden-
tified law with the prince's will also in-
dicated how the people themselves
had originally conferred authority
upon him. Was the authority revocable
by the community and, if so, in what
circumstances?"

The question acquired crucial
importance following the outbreak of
the French religious wars in the 1560s.
Once the French crown had clearly
opted for orthodoxy and chosen to
pursue a significant number of its
own subjects the question of how far
they were bound to obey the ruler in all
circumstances came inevitably under
close scrutiny. Huguenot advocates of
resistance to monarchical rule began
to argue that the Estates-General
represented the "whole body of the
people", which was prior to and
greater than the king. At the same time
arguments from property rights were
brought inside out: thus, if the king
owned his patrimony, he had only the
use of his demesne and revenues of his
kingdom, both being the property of
the kingdom as a whole. Evidence in
support of the view that kings had been
originally elected by the body of the
people, was culled from France's
medieval past, as was the notion
that kingship rested on a contract
between ruler and ruled. But some
Huguenot writers were not content
simply to divide authority between the
representative principle and that of
absolute monarchy. Thus Beza and the
author of the *Vindicio Contra Tyrann-*
um formulated, albeit tentatively, a
qualified conception of authority where-
in law was limited to sovereignty in
law that implied the presence of the
state as an abstract entity.

But, as Howell A. Lloyd argues
persuasively, it was Bodin who revo-
lutionized the concept of the state.
In his view too much importance has
been attached to Bodin's account of
sovereignty and not enough to his
notion of *république*. In Bodin's
definition this had its own parts: "It was
neither the sum of the members of the
political community, nor embodied by
their representatives or by the
monarchical head; nor was it simply
the 'condition' of any or all of them.
While its parts, of which sovereignty
was one, were distinguishable from
each other, together they gave being to
the *république* as a distinct entity." As
developed by Bodin, the idea of the
state offered a fresh focus for
subsequent attempts at a political
synthesis, notably that of Charles
Loyseau, who viewed the state as the
source of the ruler's authority and its
territory as the foundation of his
sovereignty.

So much for the essential theme of
Dr. Lloyd's book, of which it occupies
only the first and last chapters. The rest
is concerned with France's social-
political composition, the exercise and
distribution of governmental power,
responses to changing conditions of
material life, and the organization of
the French Protestant movement and
the Catholic leagues. As a glance at
the contents (unfortunately relegated
to the back of the book) will confirm,
this is a thoroughly conversant
with recent French works on each
topic, with admirable succinctness he

Princely powers

R. J. Knecht

HOWELL A. LLOYD

*The State, France and the Sixteenth
Century*
233pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.50.
0 04 940066 5

Under its cumbersome title this book
admirably fulfils one of the objectives
of the series to which it belongs,
namely, to "combine considerable
chronological range with thematic
precision". The theme in this instance
is the emergence of the concept of the
state. During the first half of the
sixteenth century French thinkers
sought to vindicate their monarch's
authority. They invoked Aristotle's
support, but also employed traditional
sources, which could be double-edged:
while they might be used to designate
a king as emperor in his own kingdom,
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topic, with admirable succinctness he

recounts the bewildering complexity
and diversity which characterized
French life in the sixteenth century and
warns against facile generalizations of
the kind that rule too many text-books.
Thus he shows that however absolute
the French monarchy claimed to be, it
was subject to countless limitations,
even restraints, in the actual exercise of
government. The crown's servants
could not always be relied upon to
enforce the king's wishes. In the early
1560s, for example, as the first signs of
civil discord became manifest, the king
looked to the law-courts for support. A
series of edicts offered varying degrees
of amnesty to Protestants, but they met
with resistance, neglect or watering-
down from the *parlements* downwards.
In the matter of controlling grain prices
in a period of inflation, the govern-
ment, knowing that grain supplies
fluctuated spatially as well as seasonally,
tended to legislate for Paris alone;
the rest of the kingdom was dealt with
by local consultation and resolution.

Lloyd's treatment of the Reforma-
tion is sensitive to the ideological shifts
of the age. He rightly describes the
early French Reformation as "not a
movement so much as an assortment of
attitudes and opinions". By 1559 the
French reformed churches were
"poised between congregationalism on
the one hand, and firm consistorial and
synodal direction on the other. The
former was implicit in the development
of the French Reformation hitherto.
The latter was urged by Calvin" and his
successor, Theodore Beza. By the
1560s congregationalism had been
checked; the movement was effectively
subjected to the "aristocratic" principle.
On the Catholic side, even the
Paris Sixteen during the League "pro-
fessed their own version of the aris-
tocratic principle", claiming that it was
they who "represented" the people and
adhered to the general good.

All in all, this is an important ad-
dition to the rapidly growing corpus
of good works in English on sixteenth-
century France. Its strongest appeal
will be to the specialist, who is already
familiar with the background, and is
looking for an up-to-date and attract-
ing interpretation of governmental
theory and practice.

Sunspots

Lucy Norton

PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

*Loula XIV: The Other Side of the
Sun*
Translated by Alan Sheridan
447pp. Orbis. £12.50.
0 85613 514 3

Biographers all too often fall in love
with their subjects. Not so Prince
Michael of Greece, who loathes Louis
XIV with unforgiving rancour, which
makes his long book appear less the
expression of a desire to discover
historical truth than to confirm a
personal bias. He seems indeed to
despise the entire period and to regard
the famous people of that time with
supercilious disdain. To him, Colbert is
"That faithful factotum", La Grange
Condé "a rather dotty genius", Mme
de Sévigné "that professional letter-
writer", and Mansart, the architect of
Versailles, a "tradesman". On Mme de
Maintenon he is positively scathing:
"Incapable of logical thought, ir-
rational, muddled-headed and change-
able, following any other line but the
right, extraordinarily narrow line of
the concile aux." (Mme de Maintenon
does not deserve such an attack: Mme
de Sévigné called her "straightness in
itself", and to King Louis in his old age
she was a rock of support; "Your Soli-
tude" he affectionately called her.)

Paraphrasing after paragraph in his
long book is stuffed with quotations
calculated to confirm the author's
contempt for his subject. At the end
are twenty-one pages of "mis-
cellaneous notes", for beyond the names of
the writers and works quoted, nothing
is noted to inform the reader. Thus,
instead of equal terms with Voltaire,
Mme de Sévigné one finds (at least) such
as the transverse, the Abbe de
Choisy, who wore ladies' corsets in
order to push up the flesh of his chest,
and wrote, according to Saint-Simon,

Challenging the hierarchy

David Parker

RICHARD M. GOLDEN

*The Godly Rebellion: Parisian Cures
and the Religious Fronde, 1652-1662*
221pp. University of North Carolina
Press. £15.75.
0 8078 1466 0

This study offers a useful addition to
our knowledge of the unrest which
afflicted France during the middle
decades of the seventeenth century.
Richard M. Golden's prime concern is
with the *cures* of the archbishops of
Paris, who, in the aftermath of the great
Fronde of 1648-52, conducted a
prolonged and potentially subversive
struggle for absolute control over the
religious life of their parishioners. Yet
as he also makes clear, it was the
generally unsettled state of the country
which gave the claims and activities of
the *cures* a force which they otherwise
might not have possessed; much of the
interest of the book in fact derives from
Professor Golden's demonstration of
the continuing insecurity of Mazarin's
government despite its earlier
triumphs.

At the most basic level the *cures*
were simply conceived to ensure their
monopoly of the cure of souls, to assert
their exclusive right to hear confession,
and to bury the members of their
congregations, on whom in general
they wished to impose a parochial
discipline in conformity with the
decrees of the Council of Trent. In part
their increasing militancy was a
reaction to the growing presence of the
Jesuits in the religious life of their
localities. Up to a point, therefore, the
cures received support from the higher
echelons of the Church. Yet, by
insisting in Richerist fashion that
their jurisdictional and sacramental
authority derived directly from God or
via the disciples of Jesus Christ, they
constituted an unacceptable challenge
to the authority of their ecclesiastical
superiors. In addition, they began to
claim an autonomous position as a
separate order of the hierarchy and
strove through their assemblies to
acquire an independent corpora-

identity—to the point of negotiating
directly with the government. Further-
more, as Golden establishes in one of
his most interesting passages, the *cures*
were overwhelmingly Jansenist in out-
look and this, far from reflecting a
desire to retreat from the world, made
them combative and politically
dangerous.

The opportunity for them to play
a political role was provided by
Mazarin's determination to prevent
that old foe and erstwhile *frondeur* the
Cardinal de Retz from becoming
Archbishop of Paris in succession to his
uncle. Arrested in December 1652,
Retz managed to escape two years later
and flee to Rome. Until he finally
resigned his Archbishopric in 1662 he
remained a source of acute anxiety for
the French government. Distant
though he may have been, Retz was
none the less recognized by his
fellow churchmen as the legitimate
archbishop, and suggestions that he
might be brought to trial served only to
unite the ecclesiastical hierarchy in
defence of its rights. It was, however,
the Parisian *cures* who were most ready
to sustain their Archbishop's cause and
to occupy the political space created by
the atomization between church and
government. Mazarin certainly feared
the capacity of the *cures* to rouse their
congregations. Steps were taken to
exile the most militant while those
appointed by Retz to act as vicars-
general were harassed. Yet even when in
hiding for six months, one of his
appointees continued to administer the
archdiocese with alarming success and
eventually the government was obliged
to compromise over the question of the
vicars-general.

Mazarin also had great difficulty in
coming to grips with the assemblies of
the *cures*, which considered matters far
beyond their competence, dabbled
in politics and established contacts
with their counterparts in provincial
dioceses. So successful were they in
promoting claims to absolute control
over the religious life of their
parishioners that they provoked the
episcopacy into a full-scale debate of
the issues. Mazarin felt constrained to
intervene in the proceedings of the
General Assembly of the Clergy in

1756-7 in order to prevent a solution
which might have been offensive to the
Pope. Similarly, the *cures* brought
pressure to bear over the writings of
the Jesuits and were instrumental in
obtaining condemnations of Pirioli's
*Apologie pour les casuistes contre les
calomnies des jansenistes* (itself a
response to Pascal's *Lettres provin-*
ciales) from three archbishops and
nineteen bishops.

Yet despite these and other well-
documented successes, one is left
with the distinct impression that the
religious Fronde, like all the move-
ments of opposition to the French
Crown, was fatally flawed by its
internal divisions and lack of resolve.
Retz himself was an unreliable
conspirator, never willing fully to
trust his supporters. He shrank from
placing Paris under an interdict which
many of them seem to have expected
and which the government clearly
feared. And although he met up with
that other great *ex-frondeur* in exile, the
Prince of Condé, Retz was evidently
reluctant to commit himself to an
alliance with this dissident prince.
Once Louis XIV was firmly on the
throne Retz renounced his Jansenist
connections and abandoned his former
allies. By this time he was in fact totally
isolated. There had always been those
like the influential Archbishop of
Toulouse, who resented him; and
although the General Assembly of the
clergy had been prepared to uphold
Retz's position in order to maintain
clerical autonomy, there was never the
slightest chance that he could gain its
full support in his conflict with the
Crown. In Normandy the episcopacy
split into warring factions because of
him. Even the Chapter of Notre-Dame
appears to have played an unresist-
ant and ambivalent role. Unfortunately
this key Parisian body fades out from
the pages of Golden's study.

Retz's only hope lay in a success-
ful Spanish invasion and his only in-
ternal power-base was the self-styled
corporation of *cures*. Even then, it
appears, were not free from internal
divisions, there being a substantial
minority of anti-Jansenists and loyal-
ists who were able to make their
presence felt from time to time. One
would like to know much more about
the composition of the assemblies and
their debates. What is clear is that to
the extent that the *cures* constituted a
radical force this isolated them from
their ecclesiastical superiors, some of
whom might otherwise have been
sympathetic to a number of their ideas.
By the late 1650s the *cures* were suf-
ficiently isolated for the govern-
ment to be able to suppress their
assemblies without undue difficulty.
Indeed, despite the problems of those
years, the government always seems to
have retained control of the situation.
If only just, and was able to combine
manoeuvre with legal coercion and a
minimal amount of force in a fairly
effective way. In any event, as the
Golden observes, were not documents
but autocrats and were essentially
concerned to preserve their limited and
sectional interests by achieving a shift
of power within the Church. Their
attitudes were not in themselves
subversive of the social order. Indeed,
throughout the earlier Fronde they
had remained largely loyal to Retz's
uncle, who himself had remained loyal
to the government.

The fact that the religious Fronde
followed the earlier one and was not in
any clear way related to them save
through the person of Retz, brings
home the limitations of seventeenth-
century movements of opposition. Had
Golden brought together in a more
more systematic fashion the various
elements in his study, which reveal
these limitations he might have found it
wholly necessary to rely, as he has, on
Roland Mousnier's hopeless observa-
tion that it is not possible to establish
the links between the preconditions of
revolt and the act of revolt itself, and
thus to explain why revolt does or does
not occur. According to Mousnier
these links are to be found in the psy-
chology of human beings, which no
historian can penetrate. In fact,
although Golden's quite legitimate
attempt to insist on the significance of
the *cures* rebellion tends to obscure its
historical explanation for the ultimate fu-
ture of the religious Fronde.



David Cox's drawing-book studies in
Progressive Lessons on Landscape, 1816; reproduced from Stephen Wildman's
catalogue of the exhibition David Cox 1783-1859 at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery until October 14 and at the
Victoria and Albert Museum from November 9 to January 8, 1984, to be reviewed in a later issue of the TLS.

experiences: from place to place, from
life to death; and most of all, from
nature to imagination, where the
crossing-over is associated with the
apocalyptic moment at which
imagination casts out nature. Toward
some such passage, as Hartman saw it,
Wordsworth's poetry was always
tending, and yet to achieve its aim
would have meant the end of poetry
altogether. It can safely be said that
none of this is on Jonathan
Wordsworth's mind, and none of it
helps to pick out the argument of his
book. The reader's success in finding
that argument depends on his ability to
construe family resemblances among
such disparate uses of *border* as the
following.

(1) The "spot of time" about winter
skating, in an early draft of *The
Prelude*, exhibits the skaters "giving
their bodies to the wind—yielding, that
is, to a consistent border influence."
(2) The lines, "There are in our
existence spots of time / That with
distinct preeminence retain / A
fructifying virtue, ere interpreted
by the senses," contrasted with the
drabness of adult sense-perception,
such vividness would have seemed a
guarantee that [Wordsworth's]
childhood had been characterized by a
border vision: that he had truly been
and still must be—among the elect. (3)
In praise of *The Prelude*'s description
of the baby who "Doth gather passion
from his mother's eyes, being from
the start a reconstructive and more
than Hartleyan mind," one should not
be afraid to say that [Wordsworth here
anticipates] the greatest of all
Romantic border statements,
Coleridge's definition of the primary
imagination: "(4) 'Like Wordsworth,
Coleridge craves the immediacy of
border experience, in which we
lose and find all self in God'"; in
another instance of what appears to be
the same sense, memory in the
Immortality Ode "upholds" and
cherishes adult imagination, providing
the ecclesiastical border reassurance that
human existence is part of a totality,
and again, by 1804, man was "adorned
[by Wordsworth] for a solemn
believed border potential [that] made
his distinctiveness both from his
fellows and from the other world of
truth very apparent." (5) In the poem
beginning "I have thought that are led
by the sun," Wordsworth's "wish is
that transience should be erected, that

the wind crosses it, and Wordsworth is
touched by the wind. With (2) already
the appropriateness of the word is
doubtful; if the border vision is nothing
but the sense of a prophetic vocation,
the border being reserved for special
persons, the near side for ordinary
ones, and the far side for those with
whom the special alone communicate—
it is hard to see what advantage
"border" has over the less obscure
"prophetic." How Coleridge's
definition of primary imagination
could qualify as the "border-
statement" that (3) presumes it to be,
when in fact the statement has the form
of a simple analogy ("a repetition
in the finite mind of the eternal
act of creation"), is really be-
yond conjecture. But Jonathan
Wordsworth's attempt elsewhere to
distinguish primary from secondary
imagination may give a clue to his
procedure. He makes
Wordsworth's baby an example of
primary and the poet on Snowdon of
secondary—a juxtaposition so queer as
to suggest he may have taken
Coleridge to be referring to
chronological stages in the
development of a person, (5), where
the border obviously divides the
contemplative life from the active as
well as time from eternity, is well suited
to the text it glosses, though again the
simple point could have been made
more simply without any use of
"border." As for (6), "It is bizarre and
probably untrue, but the book has
a few brief intervals like this, and it
seemed worth giving a specimen." It is
(4), finally, patient readers are apt to
decide of their senses, and the best
index of Jonathan Wordsworth's
sensibility. What he calls the border-
experience would once have been
called merely "transcendence"; his
reasons for admiring the poetry are
those that transcendence-readers have
usually had. The Wordsworth who
emerges again here, in spite of every
adaptation of a more recent vocabulary
which tends to conceal the fact, is the
poet who loves nature, who teaches the
responsibilities of life, and who lives
partly above the common routines of
existence, wholly remaining faithful
to them.

At present many of Wordsworth's
editors have left it to imply that his
earliest version of anything was finer
and purer than the revised version.
The scene with the sight of the
murderer's name in "monumental
writing" Jonathan Wordsworth re-
gards this as an adventurous detail—
the new lines are "not only garbled,
but distasteful, and oddly trivial in
their association. They will not seem
so to a reader who believes that the
whole moral weight of the poem is
associated with the power of writing.
But Jonathan Wordsworth speaks for
readers of another kind, to whom
writing is not a form of action. It is in
keeping with this view for him to
discover an unexpected mural in Book
V of *The Prelude* (entitled "Books"):
Wordsworth "has been unable to
convince himself or his audience of the
importance of literature as such in his
education." For Jonathan Wordsworth
The Prelude is mostly a narrative of
events; and though he knows that no
location is more characteristic of
Wordsworth than "unless I now
confound my present feelings with the
past," he cannot help suppling his
commentary occasionally to note
things wrong one virtue of the 1799
Prelude would seem to be that being
shorter, it has less room for mistakes.

With a misplaced pedantry
Jonathan Wordsworth often enforces
distinctions that Wordsworth was
careful not to make. The phrase
everyone remembers from "Tintern
Abbey", about the objects of our
cooperating mind and senses ("both
what they half create, / And what
perceive"), might seem to discourage
us forever from thinking of creation
apart from perception: the mind's
sense of what it beholds is so
comprehensive that it cannot number
its own effects in nature. But Jonathan
Wordsworth is not discouraged. "The
alternatives," he says, "are straight-
forward perception on the one hand,
and the creative imagination on the
other." With this division of the
subject, he misses much of the
pathos of the poet's dream of the stone
and shell, in Book V of *The Prelude*. It
is a difficult passage, and yet its motive
is less bewildering than he makes it out
to be. The dream was one way for
Wordsworth to tell himself that the
power of the mind through words was
greater and more terrible than he
suspected when a poet's words carry
conviction, when a loud prophetic
disturbance, they hold the face of
the world. One may recall that the

Handwritten note in the right margin: "The Borders of Vision" (written vertically).

Responsible capitalists Kings of Lancashire

Christopher Haigh

D. M. PALLISER

The Age of Elizabeth: England under the later Tudors 1547-1603
430pp. Longman. £13.95 (paperback, £7.50).
0 522 48541 0

When Asa Briggs planned the Longman "Social and economic history of England", his aim was a brave one: twenty-five years later, with the series only half-completed, it seems rash. It is true that the conception was narrower than the series-title suggested; the volumes were, Briggs wrote, "designed to set out the main conclusions of economic historians about England's past", though "economic history is not lifted out of its social context". The early contributions, by H. R. Loyn (1961), S. G. Checkland (1964) and C. H. Wilson (1965), were primarily economic histories, and this concentration made it possible for writers to tackle lengthy periods and observe major structural changes. But since then the subjects, and perhaps some of the authors, have got out of hand.

When the first volumes were published, about 800 books and articles a year were appearing on the economic and social history of Britain and Ireland. But when the texts by W. G. Hoskins (1976) and by E. Miller and J. Hatcher (1978) appeared, the annual totals were almost twice as large. Little wonder the series has burst its bounds. There will now be two volumes for the period 1086-1348, on towns and on the countryside; the sixteenth century has been divided chronologically; and there will be separate studies of the economic and social histories of twentieth-century Britain. If the structure of the series has changed, so too has its emphasis. Over the past twenty years, annual totals of publications in British economic history have remained roughly stable, while those in social history multiplied about sevenfold. In 1962 Briggs, as General Editor, noted that "social history has received far less scholarly attention than economic history", but by 1983 he saw that "interest in social history has boomed even more than interest in economic history". In consequence, the aim of the series has been quietly redefined: now it "sets out to relate economic history to social history".

The fragmentation of the Longman series and the expansion of social history have left D. M. Palliser with an unenviable task. He has been forced to write "short, fat history", as opposed to the "long and thin" variety, and the defects of his book reflect the inadequacies of the genre. Dr Palliser admits frankly that unhelpful terminological differences have been imposed, the exigencies of the series, and that he found it difficult to assess for a short time-span the significance of movements which have been detected over a much longer period - especially those claimed for "Tawney's century" 1540-1640. The problems are especially severe for topics which have seen sharp controversies and huge scholarly output. Palliser's bibliography contains 450 items, half of them published in the past decade, whereas in *England's Renaissance 1603-1640* (1965) he had to give only 100 entries. One thing he does do well is to provide a useful survey of the period, and to outline the views of participants and their "telling" interpretations, by reference to his allotted period, as he writes ruefully on agricultural improvement. "Fifty-six years is a short time over which to attempt a balance-sheet, when so many innovations were very gradual".

Within the restrictions placed upon him, however, Palliser's achievement is most impressive: he has produced both a balanced and comprehensive textbook, and a coherent and intelligent argument. Between his political, interpretative, and a concluding chapter, he offers eleven thematic chapters, four on population, social structure, one on agriculture, three on trade and manufactures, and

three on government, religion and culture. Inevitably, this macroeconomic study of sectors separates issues which might be better treated together: in particular, the chapters on religion and culture stand in lonely isolation. Palliser is most helpful on the social structure of towns (and least so on tenurial matters), but his treatment of all topics is sensitive and balanced and he combines cautiously presented statistics with illuminating anecdote. His most obvious virtue is his precision: he corrects dates and attributions, provides twenty-three tables, thirteen maps and five charts, and adds two appendices on Sir Thomas Smith. If Palliser's *Age of Elizabeth* lacks the passion of Hoskins's *Age of Plunder*, it also lacks most (though not all) of the tendentious moralizing. It is a sensible and useful book, which deserves generous response from its student market.

But, like the Hoskins volume, this study is raised above the mere textbook and given originality, unity and force by the overall case it argues. Hoskins wrote the social history of early Tudor England in the style of Robert Crowley; Palliser offers late Tudor England as portrayed by Sir Thomas Smith. Palliser is the antidote to Hoskins, as Smith was the antidote to Crowley. Palliser, like Smith, provides a defence of "responsible capitalism": he refuses to seek social scapegoats, he observes the necessary workings of market and demographic forces, and he counters cataclysmic interpretations of Tudor society. In the guise of a measured consideration of specific issues, he mounts a vigorous campaign against two groups of pessimists, the "Marxians" and the "neo-Malthusians".

Palliser's main attack is on the views and influence of R. H. Tawney, on "the rise of the gentry", the fates of the peasantry and the poor and the relationship between Protestantism and capitalism; indeed, on all aspects of Tawney's version of the development of capitalism in early-modern England, Palliser reconsiders Tawney's evidence and rejects his conclusions. The second thrust is against those who assume that the food-producing capacity of Tudor England was inelastic so that population increase produced a sharp decline in the living standards of the poor and a series of subsistence crises. Such a view is crushed under the weight of E. A. Wrigley and R. S. Schofield on population and Eric Kerridge on agrarian innovation. All was for the best in Palliser's England. Population pressure stimulated economic growth; poverty was contained by economic expansion and charitable provision, enclosure was agreed and produced efficient agriculture, convertible husbandry improved yields and sustained higher population, the "urban crisis" was brief and followed by commercial and administrative growth, the cloth trade soon recovered from the crash of 1551, metal industries were not restricted by fuel shortages, foreign immigrants and official "projects" brought technical advances, trade was in balance or even surplus, a benign regime preserved social order and successive governments pursued helpful policies of industrial diversification and import substitution.

All of this may be true, and most of it probably is. It is certainly fashionable, but however objectively one's professional sympathies lie with Palliser's revisionism, one cannot but observe the swings of historiographical fashion, and political opinion, and fear that, once again, reaction will set too far. Tawney has paid in the 1970s and 80s for his popularity in the 1950s and 60s; in some quarters it is now enough to discredit an opinion to show that Tawney held it. This rejection of socialist special pleading has brought countervailing efforts to justify legalitarian social systems. But it ought to be possible to take anachronistic moral opprobrium out of historical analysis without always concluding that progress was the inevitable characteristic of English history, and denying that change had advantages as well as disadvantages. Even Sir Thomas Smith recognized the force of the medieval complaints of the gentry, and the danger of this combining wealth and realm of England.

Mervyn James

BARRY COWARD

The Stanley, Lords Stanley and Earls of Derby 1358-1672: The origins, wealth and power of a landowning family
252pp. Manchester University Press. £21.
0 7190 1338 0

The "storm over the gentry" which broke in the 1950s has now subsided. The distant roll of thunder may still occasionally be heard, but perhaps more on the other side of the Atlantic than in this country. Some of the protagonists have died; others have acquired other interests; and by common consent Lawrence Stone, after the publication in 1965 of his thousand-page *The Crisis of the Aristocracy*, has been left in possession of the field. The "storm" had originally arisen in connection with supposed changes in English social structure during the century before the Civil War, first postulated by R. H. Tawney. There was a "decline of the aristocracy", whose wealth and therefore social leadership, was ended by conservative and inadaptive policies of estate management, with the consequence that aristocratic rentals failed to keep pace with rising prices. Mounting debts, incurred through persisting habits of "conspicuous expenditure", forced the sale, in increasing quantities, of aristocratic land; the purchasers being the gentry, a more adaptive, and therefore "rising" class. Tawney saw the "Puritan Revolution" against Charles I as involving a Marxist-style foreclosure by the gentry on the property and power of a decadent aristocracy, completing the processes of the previous century.

However, the statistical material on which this argument had been based was subsequently found to be vitiated by dubious assumptions and some gross errors; and even in the more

sophisticated shape given it in Stone's book, it remains vulnerable. It was the later chapters of *The Crisis* which advanced to new ground. In these, aristocratic "decline", while still assumed, was now seen as a many-sided process, in which cultural and legal factors, and changes in religion and political style, combined into a complex pattern in which economic readjustment was by no means the only or even the predominant theme. Nevertheless, for Stone us fair Tawney it is the Civil War which revealed the full dimensions of aristocratic "crisis", the decline reaching its nadir with the abolition of the House of Lords in 1649.

Barry Coward's book aims to nuke a contribution to this discussion. His study of the earls of Derby links him to the study of aristocratic decline. For after all the enormous Stanley estates survived almost intact, and in the hands of the family, until comparatively recent times; this too in spite of the fact that Stanley estate management was conservative, based on the device of the "beneficial lease", which because it kept rents low in return for high entry fines has been identified by Stone as a prime cause of the money troubles of the aristocracy. The attitudes and strains of the century before the Civil War arose not from defects in the management of the estate, but from deficiencies in the low of settlement, which encouraged expensive and destructive conflicts between rival heirs. True, the Civil War brought disaster, with military defeat, confiscation of lands, and the execution of the seventh earl in 1651, leading to complete, though temporary, eclipse. Yet the underlying resilience of the Stanley interest is suggested by the ability of the family to raise sufficient credit to surmount both the succession and the political crisis. Thus they could reassemble the lands forced out of their possession. Their political power, restored in 1660, like their wealth, survived all subsequent vicissitudes, in the early twentieth century the earl of Derby was still the "underworld king" of Lancashire.

Thus it could be claimed that any questions are raised here are answered. Nor has any body-line "decline" and "crisis", particularly as stated by Stone. Perhaps the book (whose text, less appendices and bibliography, does not extend to two hundred pages) is more an introduction to, than the definitive study of, its subject. But while the limits Coward has done a thorough workmanlike job, and his book should attract a wide readership, particularly amongst professional historians.

Starting with Yorkshire

Claire Cross

A. G. DICKENS
Reformation Studies
610pp. Hambledon Press. £24.
0 90762804 4

The dates of first publication of the articles, pamphlets and lectures reprinted in this very sizable volume span a period of forty years, from 1939 to 1980, while their subject-matter, mainly sixteenth-century English regional and national ecclesiastical history, testifies to A. G. Dickens's unique achievement in all three fields.

A pioneer in his use of local history, Professor Dickens from the first eschewed the narrowly parochial, as late as 1963, still finding it necessary to assert that "the mental history of England will be more satisfactorily written when the gap between local and national history has been closed". He explained his particular reason for pursuing this field of study. "In all the local history remains a discipline in its own right and with its peculiar values: yet when it remains too rigidly local it loses its spiritual content, and thereby its unique contribution to the history of the English people." Within the English regions, apart from an occasional ally like East Anglia, Yorkshire has always been Dickens's chief sphere of interest. Very early in his career he explored the aftermath of the Pilgrimage of Grace, providing in a much later essay a provocative discussion of the causes of the revolt. Because of the inaccessibility of so many of the local records before the Second World War, he then had little alternative but to write Yorkshire history largely from the central government records, but on the opening of the Bodleian Institute in the 1950s he was able to take Anthony Hall in York where he was among the first to take advantage of the newly available

records of the Northern Province, demonstrating, especially in his biography of Archbishop Robert Holgate, his account of the Morian reaction to the diocese of York, and his investigation of the extent of Catholic recusancy in Yorkshire, how fruitfully local research can illuminate the national scene.

Of the twenty-eight essays in this collection no less than seventeen pertain to regional history: the sections on sixteenth-century English regional and Continental history are consequently very much shorter. By far the most influential article among those devoted to national ecclesiastical history is that on heresy and the origins of English Protestantism, first published in 1964, which sets out the evidence for the survival, perhaps the revival, of Lollardy in certain parts of England and its importance in predisposing sectors of the populace towards accepting Protestant ideas when these began percolating into England from the Continent almost a decade before the calling of the Reformation Parliament. Less new evidence on the "distribution of Lollardy" has subsequently been discovered than may have once been hoped, but the existence of indigenous heresy in England in the early sixteenth century, however localized it may have been, can surely never again be discounted as it was in the nineteenth century by the Oxford Movement. Dickens's plea for the English Reformation to be seen as much more than a mere act of state things out as powerfully, and as challengingly, as ever it did.

Some of the most recent articles here relate to the actions of Englishmen to the Massacre of St Bartholomew and to the very different pace of the development of Protestantism in England and in France in the sixteenth century - a suggestive excursion into comparative history. Germany, however, rather than France has always been Dickens's main Continental preoccupation and the last five essays,

So far so good. But how was it done? Coward tells us what happened, but is less specific about the why, where, and when. There are hardly any figures of rentals. Did the increase greatly in value, as did some of its kind in the north? Were customary tenures interspersed with large leasehold farms paying high rents, as in the Percy estates, pushing up the returns? We can only conjecture. Perhaps the sources are lacking. Still more opaque are the processes of political control. There was the estate administrative structure and the great household, providing patronage and jobs; but only for a part of the gentry, and these not the greatest. Coward sees the role of the lord lieutenant in buttressing the Stanley ascendancy, providing alternative forms of influence to "kin, alliance, and strength of servants" of the earlier sixteenth century. But how did the lieutenant work? And if there was no feudal resistance to its authority, like the found in other regions such as Norfolk or Somerset, why was this? If the Stanley ascendancy, providing alternative forms of influence to the Civil War, how is one to account for its subsequent bitter and effective resistance? Should not the Stanley influence be more thoroughly related to the structure of county society in Lancashire and Cheshire? If we understand its weaknesses, as we do, were Stanley tenants involved in agitation which led to the execution of the seventh earl?

Thus it could be claimed that any questions are raised here are answered. Nor has any body-line "decline" and "crisis", particularly as stated by Stone. Perhaps the book (whose text, less appendices and bibliography, does not extend to two hundred pages) is more an introduction to, than the definitive study of, its subject. But while the limits Coward has done a thorough workmanlike job, and his book should attract a wide readership, particularly amongst professional historians.

which all appeared between 1971 and 1979, are devoted to the history and biography of the Lollard Reformation. The historical and social background of the Lollard Reformation, and largely upon the instructions of Lollardism for the Lollards in the twenty years before the Reformation. In three months he received his first appalling lesson. A terrorist bomb destroyed a large part of his summer villa outside Petersburg, with thirty-three dead victims and two of his children seriously injured - his only son profoundly shocked for life. His daughter, Natalie, with both feet mangled, Stolypin's reaction to this piece of savagery did him great credit. He was not diverted from his programme of reforms which he announced within twelve days. If the reforms were not successful that was not Stolypin's fault. If his career was ended by a bullet - fired by a treacherous double agent - that was the tactical reward for the kind of service Stolypin had given his country.

Stolypin was always resolutely opposed to war with Germany; he realized, as his brother-in-law Sazonov never did, the perils inherent in newspaper-reading Russians' over-enthusiastic involvement with the Balkan States in their struggles both against Turkey and against the Habsburgs. Had he lived he would have done his utmost to prevent the Austro-Serbian quarrel from developing into a vendetta between Croatia, fire-eating, henchmen at the Balkans and the secret societies in Bosnia and Old Serbia. There were peace elements on both sides and it was a great misfortune that Stolypin did not survive to make full use of them.

Stolypin acquired an evil name among liberals of all shades in the West. He was not, because he crushed the "groups" of these days effectively - a group with a very different complexion from the "terrorists" as they are called nowadays; not that they were bloodthirsty, merely that they

GEORGE TOKMAKOFF

P. A. Stolypin and the Third Duma: An Appraisal of the Three Major Issues
246pp. University Press of America/Eurospan. £18.95 (paperback, £9.95).
0 8191 2039 6

Peter Stolypin came to power at the age of forty-three - as Minister of the Interior in May 1906, as Premier in July. His five years and four months of office were ended by a terrorist's bullet in September 1911. He had been personally appointed by the Emperor who had been impressed both by his courage and his reports as governor of Saratov - a province with by far the most destructive list of terrorist outrages to its debit in the revolutionary year of 1905. What Stolypin lacked in experience of the Petersburg official world he compensated for by a most remarkable character. He combined the best traditions of the Russian service gentry with an exceptional personal knowledge of one of the most nationally variegated corners of the Russian Empire. Of ancient Moscow noble stock, he passed his formative years in Kovno where the peasantry was mostly Roman Catholic and Lithuanian, the gentry mostly Roman Catholic Poles, the townspeople largely old-fashioned orthodox Jews. Typically his talented, eccentric father (some-time governor of the Kremlin and one of the Emperor's General ADCs) had won the family estate at Kovno.

Stolypin's fifteen years as a successful Marshal of Nobility in Kovno, a post that meant the chairmanship of many local government committees as well as a good deal of lavish entertaining for a population largely alien both in culture and religion to Great Russia, helped to prepare him for the social and political problems of a multi-national Empire when he came to power. They also helped him to develop his great gift of eloquence. Stolypin was unique among the statesmen of old Russia as a public speaker. His collected speeches stand out, as the only body of real parliamentary eloquence left behind by any Russian statesman. A government of brilliant, voluble talkers had so far lacked the opportunity to reach such masses. Stolypin's education as a minister started in a milieu which he did not know, the complicated oligarchy of the Petersburg officialdom. Within three months he received his first appalling lesson. A terrorist bomb destroyed a large part of his summer villa outside Petersburg, with thirty-three dead victims and two of his children seriously injured - his only son profoundly shocked for life. His daughter, Natalie, with both feet mangled, Stolypin's reaction to this piece of savagery did him great credit. He was not diverted from his programme of reforms which he announced within twelve days. If the reforms were not successful that was not Stolypin's fault. If his career was ended by a bullet - fired by a treacherous double agent - that was the tactical reward for the kind of service Stolypin had given his country.

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A patriot and his enemies

Igor Vinogradoff

buting a fixed end disproportionately small amount towards the general expenses of the Empire, more especially defence. Of all Stolypin's measures this aroused the greatest indignation outside Russia, where he was portrayed as faithless traitor to the rights of the Grand Duchy, "guaranteed" in 1809; no enemies of Russia were so furiously implacable as Finnish "activists" like Westernmark or Zilliacus, eager to assist all Russia's enemies in every possible war. Stolypin was merely acting in the spirit of the great reforms of Alexander II - especially hostile to provincial class privilege. Finns were expected to acknowledge loyalty to the Empire as well as the Grand Duchy; yet they retained their language (Russian was only used in some bilingual proceedings), laws and constitution



Stolypin in 1907, from the book reviewed here.

with a Diet, including female suffrage and a democratically elected social democratic party. All that Stolypin required was that they contribute to defence and other general imperial expenses on an equitable basis, that Russian citizens be granted parity with Finns within the Duchy and that it should no longer be easy for the bloodiest of Russian revolutionaries to use Finnish territory, bordering as it did upon the suburbs of St Petersburg, as a haven for the organization of terrorist attacks in Russia.

Finally, Stolypin forced through the extension of the zemstvo local government system (which provided public services, including roads, schools and medical services) to the six most western provinces of Russia proper, bordering on Poland and Lithuania. The demographic situation here made special rules an absolute necessity since 96 per cent of the peasant population was entirely Orthodox and Russian, while the land was almost wholly owned by Polish gentry, Roman Catholic in creed and nearly all Polish in national sentiment. To have applied the property franchise which prevailed in most of Russia to the western provinces would have meant handing over education to Roman Catholic landowners and their nominees - something which could not possibly be tolerated by the Orthodox peasant masses; hence the establishment of separate national "curias" for Poles and Russians which gave Russians an assured majority in the zemstvo province assemblies, while ensuring that the Polish minority was fairly represented - far above their actual numbers. It is not surprising that those who had long despised the Russian Orthodox peasantry as *bydlo* (cattle), should fight Stolypin's programme fiercely, most of all within the Council of the Empire where they held all the elected Western Province seats; what may perhaps seem stranger is that they were supported by the many Russian landowners who disliked elective institutions in all forms, most of all because of the direct taxation they entailed.

Only one reform put forward by Stolypin (in December 1906) never reached discussion in the Chambers. This would have been the religious emancipation of the special Jews, which limited their freedom of movement, education and employment

throughout the Empire and would have gone far towards raising them from second-class-citizen status. It soon emerged that the project was not reconcilable with the Emperor's conscience, whether in a law or an emergency decree.

It was the Western Zemstvo bill that finally brought about Stolypin's destruction. He won a Pyrrhic victory by forcing an unwilling Emperor to grant a two-day prorogation of the Chambers while he published the emergency decree under Emergency Article 87 and incidentally removed his two most influential opponents from the active list of members of the Council of the Empire. The upshot was of course disastrous and only goes to show how far Stolypin had been goaded by the systematic opposition of his many enemies, both at Court and in the press and in the Chambers. All his enemies now combined against him and were joined by new ones. Reds, KDs, Poles, retrograde officials who had lost their jobs, disgruntled landowners, were now joined both by the Emperor (deeply offended by Stolypin's personal pressure on him) as well as by a large majority of the October Centre party who had hitherto been his faithful backers in the Duma. Had Stolypin not been foully murdered in September 1911, it is quite certain that his days as Minister President were numbered. It is certain that he was "elected" removed, as some believe, by special honours police, but the absurd complexity of their overlapping security arrangements made his murder easy and the fact that none of them was severely punished for negligence left an odious atmosphere.

Stolypin died after great services to his sovereign and his country and a five-year battle with the inertia of peasant Russia, the stubborn provincial patriotism of the Finns and a coalition between Reds, KDs, meticulous legalists and the powerful landed interests, over-represented in the Council of the Empire, who managed to exploit his use of Article 87 to "rouse" the Emperor's furious resentment, discredit him with the Emperor and force him into an impossible blind alley half a year before his death.

His name has been unfairly treated by posterity. The KDs insulted him by calling the courts "martial" hanging noose "Stolypin's necktie". The Soviet government has popularized the name "Stolypin wagon" for the special cars that transport prisoners to Siberia.

Emigré and monarchist writers who should know better have traduced his memory because he tried to save the Emperor from himself. Professor Tokmakoff has done a real service to Stolypin's memory by following the passage of his three main legislative measures through the columns of the Russian Hansard with painstaking care. He has compiled a valuable doctoral thesis, only murred by an occasional blunder (the meaning of the phrase "third element" seems to have escaped him) and by an overdose of heavy academic verbiage. He has brought out with admirable clarity how thorough Russian parliamentary procedure was under the Third Duma. It took over four years to put Stolypin's land reform, first promulgated by decree in November 1906, on to the statute book and Stolypin had to fight for it clause by clause with tireless eloquence through committee after committee and session after session in both houses.

Stolypin was quite foreign to the bureaucratic world he was alleged to represent. A physically brave administrator and a first-class speaker he represented something new and quite exceptional in Russian politics. Horrified wounded through his children by terrorists, odiously slandered by the newspapers (the line laws in Russia were extraordinarily lenient), colonnaded by such men as Witte and intrigued against at every turn, this great straight-forward patriot was in his last days insulted by the courtiers and abandoned by his monarch. His murder was a tragedy for Russia and perhaps removed the only statesman who could have prevented revolution. It is a lasting blot upon the history of the last reign that he should have died the death he did, deserted by his natural allies and abandoned by a Tsar who was unable or unwilling to understand him.

The Making of Modern Russia by Lionel Kochan was originally published in 1963. A second edition, with Richard Abraham as co-author (544pp. Macmillan. £25. Penguin paperback, £3.95, 0 333 35189 4), has been published. Kochan writes in the foreword: "A number of themes that seemed dormant in the Russia of 1960 have acquired a new urgency. This applies in particular to the national minorities, and Russian relations with Islam." The Chinese cultural revolution and Soviet imports of western technology are among other topics considered.

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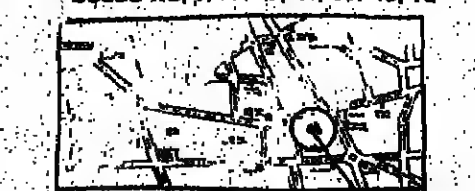
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